Accessions
149.646

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THE WOMAN HATER.

As it hath beene Acted by his Majesties Servants with great Applause.

Written by

JOHN FLETCHER Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1648.

WOMAN

LABOUR.

144.646

May. 1873

Written by

JOHN FLETCHER Gent.

LONDON,

The Prologue.

Gentlemen, inductions are out of date, and a Prologue in Verse is as stale as a black Velvet Cloake, and a bay Garland: Therefore you shall have it playne Prose thus: If there be any amongst you, that come to heare lascivious Scenes, let them depart: for I doe pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all two-peny Gallerie men, you shall have no baudery in it: or if there be any lurking amongst you in Corners, with Tablebookes, who have some hope to finde fitt matter to feede his —— mallice on, let them claspe them up, and slinke away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this Play, meanes to please Auditors so, as he may bee an Auditor himselfe hereafter, and not purchase them with the deareneſſe of his cares: I dare not call it Comedie, or Tragedie; tis perfectly neither: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh, how it would please you, is not written in my part: For though you should like it to day, perhaps your

The Prologue.

ſelves know not how you ſhould diſgeſt it to morrow: Some things in it you may meete with, which are out of the common Raade: a Duke there is, and the Scene lyes in Italy, as thoſe two things lightly wee never miſſe. But you ſhall not finde in it the ordinarie and over-worne trade of jeſting at Lords and Courtiers, and Citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the perſons of them: ſuch, he that made this, thinkes vile; and for his owne part vowes,

That hee did never thinke, but that a Lord
Lord-borne might bee a wiſe man,
and a Courtier an
honeſt man.

The VVoman Hater.

Actvs I. Scena.

Enter Duke of Millaine, Arrigo, Lucio, and two Courtiers.

THis now the sweetest time for sleep,
the night is scarce spent; *Arrigo*
what's a cloke?
Arr. Past foure.
Duk. Is it so much, and yet the morne
not up?
Se yonder where the shamfac'd maiden
comes
Into our sight, how gently doeth shee slide,
Hiding her chaste cheekes, like a modest
Bride,
With a red vaile of blushes; as if shee,
Even such all modest vertuous women be.
Why thinkes your Lordship I am up so
soone?
Lucio. About some waightie State plot.
Duk. And what thinkes your knighthood
of it?
Arr. I doe thinke, to cure some strange
corruptions in the common wealth.
Duke. Y'are well conceited of your selves
to thinke
I choose you out to beare me company
In such affaires and businesse of state:
But am not I a patterne for all Princes,
That breake my soft sleepe for my subjects
good?
Am I not carefull? very provident?
Luc. Your grace is carefull.
Arri. Very provident.
Duk. Nay knew you how my serious
working plots,
Concerne the whole estates of all my sub-
jects,
I and their lives; then *Lucio* thou wouldst
sweare,
I were a loving Prince.
Luc. I thinke your grace intends to walke
the publique streets disguised, to see the
streets disorders.
Duk. It is not so.
Arrig. You secretly will crosse some other
states, that doe conspire against you.
Duke. Weightier farre:
You are my friends, and you shall have the
cause;
I breake my sleeps thus soone to see a wench
Lucio. Y'are wondrous carefull for your
subjects good.
Arrig. You are a very loving Prince in
deed.
Duk. This care I take for them, when
their dull eyes,
Are clos'd with heavie slumbers.
Arr. Then you rise to see your wenches?
Lucio. What *Millaine* beautie hath the
power, to charme her Soveraigne eyes, and
breake his sleepes?
Duke. Sister to Count *Valore*: She's a
maide
Would make a Prince forget his throne and
state,
And lowly kneele to her: the generall fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;
As she disposeth, so we die and live.
Luc. My Lord, the day grow's cleare, the
Court will rise.
Duk. We stay too long, is the *Vmbranoes*
head as we commanded, sent to the sadde
Gondarino, our generall?
Arr. 'Tis sent.
Duk. But stay, where shines that light?
Arrig.

Arrig. Tis in the Chamber of *Lazarello.*

Duk. Lazarello? what is he?

Arrig. A Courtier my Lord, and one that I wonder your grace knowes not: for hee hath followed your Court, and your laſt predeceſſors, from place to place, any time this ſeven yeare, as faithfully as your Spits and your Dripping-pans have done, and almoſt as greaſely.

Duk. O we know him, as we have heard, he keepes a kallender of all the famous diſhes of meat, that have bin in the Court, ever ſince our great Grandfathers time; and when he can thruſt in at no Table, he makes his meate of that.

Lucio. The very ſame my Lord.

Duk. A Courtier cal'ſt thou him?
Beleeve me *Lucio*, there be many ſuch
About our Court, reſpected, as they thinke,
Even by our ſelfe; with thee I will be plaine:
We Princes do uſe, to preferre many for nothing, and to take particular and free knowledge, almoſt in the nature of acquaintance of many; whom wee doe uſe onely for our pleaſures, and to give largely to numbers; more out of pollicie, to be thought liberall, and by that meanes to make the people ſtrive to deſerve our love; then to reward any particular deſert of theirs, to whom wee give: and do ſuffer our ſelves to heare flatterers, more for recreation
Then for love of it, though we ſildome hate it:
And yet we know all theſe, and when wee pleaſe,
Can touch the wheele, and turne their names about.

Luc. I wonder they that know their ſtates ſo well, ſhould fancie ſuch baſe ſlaves.

Duk. Thou wondreſt *Lucio*,
Do'ſt not thou thinke, if thou wert Duke of *Millaine*
Thou ſhould'ſt be flattered?

Luc. I know my Lord, I would not.

Duk. Why ſo I thought till I was Duke, I thought I ſhould have left me no more Flatterers, then there are now plaine-dealers; and yet for all this my reſolution, I am moſt palpably flattered: the poore man may loath covetouſneſſe and flattery, but Fortune will alter the minde when the winde turnes: there may be well a little conflict, but it will drive the byllowes before it.

Arrigo it grow's late, for ſee faire *Thetis* hath undone the barres
To *Phebus* teame; and his unrival'd light,
Hath chas'd the mornings modeſt bluſh away:
Now muſt wee to our love, bright *Paphian* Queene;
Thou *Cytherean* goddeſſe, that delights
In ſtirring glaunces, and art ſtill thy ſelfe,
More toying then thy teame of Sparrowes bee;
Thou laughing *Errecina* O inſpire
Her heart with love, or leſſen my deſire.

Exeunt

SCENA II.

Enter Lazarillo and his Boy.

Laz. Goe runne, ſearch, pry in every nook and Angle of the kitchins, larders, and paſteries, know what meate's boyl'd, bak'd, roſt, ſtew'd, fri'de, or ſows'd, at this dinner to be ſerv'd directly, or indirectly, to every ſeverall table in the Court, be gone.

Boy. I runne, but not ſo faſt, as your mouth will doe upon the ſtroake of eleven. *Exit Boy.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God beſtow upon man, when he did give him a good ſtomack? what unbounded graces there are powr'd upon them, that have the continuall command of the very beſt of theſe bleſſings? Tis an excellent thing to be a Prince, he is ſerv'd with ſuch admirable varietie of fare; ſuch innumerable choiſe of delicates, his tables are full frought with moſt nouriſhing food, and his cubbards heavy laden with rich wines; his Court is ſtill filled with moſt pleaſant varietyes: In the Summer, his pallace is full of greene geeſe; and in winter it ſwarmeth woodcockes,
O thou Goddeſſe of plentie
Fill me this day with ſome rare delicates,
And I will every yeare moſt conſtantly,
As this day celebrate a ſumpteous feaſt,
If thou wilt ſend me victuals in thine honor?
And to it ſhall be bidden for thy ſake,
Even all the valiant ſtomacks in the Court:
All ſhort-cloak'd Knights, and all croſſe-garter'd Gentlemen;

All pumpe and pantofle, foot-cloth riders;
With all the ſwarming generation
Of long ſtocks, ſhort pain'd hoſe, and huge ſtuff'd dublets:
All theſe ſhall eate, and which is more then yet
Hath ere beene ſeene, they ſhall be ſatisfied
I wonder my Ambaſſador returnes not?

Boy. Here I am Maſter. *(Enter Boy.*

Laza. And welcome:
Never did that ſweete Virgin in her ſmocke,
Faire cheek'd *Andromeda*, when to the rock
Her yvorie limbes were chain'de, & ſtraight before
A huge Sea monſter, tumbling to the ſhoare,
To have devour'd her, with more longing ſight
Expect the comming of ſome hardy Knight,
That might have queal'd his pride, and ſet her free,
Then I with longing ſight have look'd for thee.

Boy. Your *Perſeus* is come Maſter, that will deſtroy him,
The very comfort of whoſe preſence ſhuts
The monſter hunger from your yelping guts

Laza. Briefe boy, briefe, diſcourſe the ſervice of each ſeverall Table compendiouſly.

Boy Heres a Bill of all Sir.

Laza. Give it me, A Bill of all the ſeverall ſervices this day appointed for every Table in the Court;
I, this is it on which my hopes relye,
Within this paper all my joyes are cloſ'de:
Boy open it, and read it with reverence.

Boy. For the Captaine of the Guards Table, three chynes of Beefe, and two jolls of Sturgeon.

Laza. A portly ſervice, but groſſe, groſſe, proceed to the Dukes own Table, deare boy to the Dukes owne Table,

Boy. For the Dukes owne Table, the head of an *Vmbrana*.

Laza. Is't poſſible? can Heaven be ſo propitious to the Duke?

Boy. Yes, Ile aſſure you Sir, 'tis poſſible, Heaven is ſo propitious to him.

Laza. Why then he is the richeſt Prince
He were the wealthieſt Monarch in all Europe,
Had he no other Territories, Dominions, Provinces, Seats,
Nor Pallaces, but onely that *Vmbranes* head.

Boy. 'Tis very freſh and ſweet Sir, the fiſh was taken but this night, and the head as a rare noveltie appointed by ſpeciall commandement for the Dukes own Table, this dinner.

Laza. If poore unworthy I may come to eat
Of this moſt ſacred diſh, I here do vow
(If that blinde huſwife Fortune will beſtow
But meanes on me) to keepe a ſumptuous houſe,
A board groning under the heavie burden of the beaſts that cheweth the cudde, and the Fowle that cutteth the ayre: I ſhall not like the table of a country Juſtice, beſprinkled over with all manner of cheape Sallets, ſliced Beefe, Giblets, and Pettitoes, to fill up roome, nor ſhould there ſtand any great, comberſome, vncut up pyes at the nether end fill'd with moſſe and ſtones, partly to make a ſhew with, and partly to keepe the lower meſſe from eating, nor ſhall my meat come in ſneaking like the Citie-ſervice, one diſh a quarter of an houre after one another, and gone, as if they had appointed to meet there, and had miſtooke the houre, nor ſhould it like the new Court ſervice come in, in haſte, as if it faine would be gone againe, all courſes at once, like a hunting breakefaſt, but I would have my ſeverall courſes, and my diſhes well fil'd, my firſt courſe ſhould be brought in after the antient manner, by a ſcore of old bleere-ey'de Sirvingmen, in long blew coates, (marry they ſhall buy ſilke, facing, and buttons themſelves) but that's by the way.

Boy. Maſter the time call's on, will you be walking. *Exit Boy.*

Laza. Follow boy, follow, my guts were halfe an houre ſince in the privie kitchin.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Counte and his ſiſter Oriana.

Oria. Faith brother I muſt needs goe yonder.

Count, And yfaith ſifter what will you do yonder.

Oria I know the Lady *Honoria* will be glad to ſee me,

Count. Glad to ſee you, fayth the Lady *Honoria* cares for you as ſhe doth for all other young Ladies, ſhee's glad to ſee you, and will ſhew you the privie Garden, and tell you how many gownes the Ducheſſe had: Marry if you have ever an old Vncle, that would be a Lord, or ever a kinſman that hath done a murther, or committed a robberie, and will give good ſtore of money to procure his pardon, then the Lady *Honoria* will be glad to ſee you.

Oria. I, but they ſay one ſhall ſee fine ſights at the Court.

Count. Ile tell you what you ſhall ſee, you ſhall ſee many faces of mans making, for you ſhall find very few as God left them: and you ſhall ſee many legges too; amongſt the reſt you ſhall behold one payre, the feet of which, were in times paſt ſockleſſe, but are now through the change of time (that alters all things) very ſtrangely become the legges of a Knight and a Courtier: another payre you ſhall ſee, that were heire apparent legges to a Glover, theſe legges hope ſhortly to bee honourable; when they paſſe by they will bowe, and the mouth to theſe legges, will ſeeme to offer you ſome Courtſhip; it will not ſweare, but it will lye, heare it not.

Oria. Why, and are not theſe fine ſights?

Count. Sifter, in ſerioufneſſe you yet are young
And faire, a faire yonng maid and apt.

Oria. Apt?

Count. Exceeding apt, apt to be drawne to.

Oria. To what?

Count. To that you ſhould not be, 'tis no diſpraiſe,
She is not bad that hath deſire to ill,
But ſhe that hath no power to rule that will:
For there you ſhall be woed in other kinds
Then yet your yeares have knowne, the chiefeſt men
Will ſeeme to throw themſelves
As vaſſailes at your ſervice, kiſſe your hand,
Prepare you banquets, maskes, ſhewes, all
That wit and luſt together can deviſe,
To draw a Ladie from the ſtate of grace
To an old Lady widdowes Gallery;
And they will praiſe your vertues, beware that,
The onely way to turne a woman whore,
Is to commend her chaſtitie: youle goe?

Oria. I would go, if it were but onely to ſhew you, that I could be there, and be mov'd with none of theſe trickes.

Cont. Your ſervants are ready!

Oria. An houre ſince.

Cont. Well, if you come off cleere from this hot ſervice,
Your praiſe ſhall be the greater. Farewell Sifter.

Oria. Farewell Brother.

Cont. Once more, if you ſtay in the preſence till candlelight, keep on the foreſide oth' Curtaine; and doe you heare, take heed of the old Bawd, in the cloth of Tiſſue-ſleeves, and the knit Mittines. Farewell Sifter. *Exit Oria.*

Now am I idle, I would I had bin a Scholler that I might a ſtudied now: the puniſhment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our onely miſerie is, that without company we know not what to doe; I muſt take ſome of the common courſes of our Nobilitie; which is thus: if I can find no company that likes mee, pluck off my Hatband, throw an old Cloake over my face, and as if I would not bee knowne, walke haſtely through the ſtreets, till I be diſcovered; then theire goes Count ſuch a one, ſayes one; there goes Count ſuch a one, ſayes another: Looke how faſt he goes, ſayes a third; there's ſome great matters in hand qneſtionleſſe, ſayes a fourth; when all my buſineſſe is to have them ſay ſo: this hath beene uſed; or if I can find any companie, Ile after dinner to the Stage, to ſee a Play; where, when I firſt enter, you ſhall have a murmure in the houſe, every one that does not know, cries, what Noble man is that; all the Gallants on the Stage riſe, vayle to me, kiſſe their hand, offer mee their places: then I picke out ſome one, whom I pleaſe to grace among the reſt, take his ſeate, uſe it, throw my cloake over my face, and laugh at him: the

highly grac'd, thinkes all the Auditors esteeme him one of my bosome friends, and in right speciall regard with me. But here comes a Gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport, then either street and stage fooleries. *Enter Lazarello and Boy.* This man loves to eate good meate, alwayes provided hee do not pay for it himselfe: he goes by the name of the *Hungry Courtier*; marry, because I thinke that name will not sufficiently distinguish him, for no doubt he hath more fellowes there, his name is *Lazarello*, he is none of these same ordinary eaters, that will devour three breakfasts, and as many dinners, without any prejudice to their beavers, drinkings or suppers; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after novelty, then plenty, Ile over-heare him.

Laza. O thou most itching kindly appetite,
Which every creature in his stomack feeles;
O leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me.
Three severall Sallets have I sacrifiz'de,
Bedew'd with precious oyle and vineger
Already to appease thy greedy wrath. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Laza. Will the Count speake with me.

Boy. One of his Gentlemen is gone to enforme him of your comming Sir.

Laza. There is no way left for me to compasse this Fish head, but by being presently made knowne to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard Sir.

Laza. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my fathers tombe
In peace, then shall I dye most willingly,
And as a dish be serv'd to satisfie
Deaths hunger, and I will be buried thus:
My Beere shall be a charger borne by foure,
The coffin where I lye, a powdring tubbe,
Bestrew'd with Lettice, and coole sallet hearbes,
My winding sheet of Tansyes, the blacke guard
Shalbe my solemne mourners, and in stead
Of ceremonies, wholsom burrall prayers:
A printed dirge in ryme, shall burie me
Instead of teares, let them pour Capon sauce upon my hearse, and salt in stead of dust,
Manchets for stones, for other glorious shields
Give me a Voyder, and above my hearse
For a Trutch sword, my naked knife stuck up. *The Count discovers himselfe.*

Boy. Master, the Count's here.

Laza. Where? my Lord I doe beseech you.

Count. Y'are very welcome sir, I pray you stand up, you shall dine with me.

Laza. I doe beseech your Lordship by the love
I still have borne to your honourable house.

Count. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine with me, I pray rise.

Laza. Perhaps your Lordship takes me for one of these same fellowes, that doe as it were respect victuals.

Count. O Sir, by no meanes.

Laza. Your Lordship ha's often promised, that whensoever I should affect greatnesse, your owne hand should helpe to raise me.

Count. And so much still assure your selfe of.

Laza. And though I must confesse, I have ever shun'de popularitie by the example of others, yet I do now feele my selfe a little ambitious, your Lordship is great, and though young, yet a privie Counseller.

Count. I pray you Sir leape into the matter, what would you have me do for you?

Laza. I would intreat your Lordship to make mee knowne to the Duke.

Count. When sir?

Laza. Suddenly my Lord, I would have you present me unto him this morning.

Count. It shall be done, but for what vertues, would you have him take notice of you?

Laza. Your Lordship shal know that presently.

Count. Tis pitty of this fellow, he is of good wit, and sufficient understanding, when he is not troubled with this greedy worme.

Lazar. Faith, you may intreat him to take notice of mee for any thing; for being an excellent Farrier, for playing well at Span-counter, or sticking knifes in walls, for being impudent, or for nothing; why may

not I be a Favoritie on the suddaine? I see nothing against it.

Count. Not so sir, I know you have not the face to be a favorite on the suddaine,

Laz. Why then you shall present me as a gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary seen in divers strange misteries.

Count. In what sir? as how?

Laz. Marrie as thus--- *Enter Intelligencer.*

Count. Yonders my olde Spirit, that hath haunted mee daily, ever since I was a privy Counsellor, I must be rid of him, I pray you stay there, I am a little busie, I will speake with you presently.

Laza. You shall bring mee in, and after a little other talke, taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the Duke: May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deepely learned, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all Sallets and pothearbs whatsoever.

Count. Twill be rare, if you will walke before Sir, I will overtake you instantly.

Lazar. Your Lordships ever.

Count. This fellow is a kind of an informer, one that lives in Alehouses, and Taverns, and because he perceives some worthy men in this land, with much labour and great expence, to have discovered things dangerously hanging over the State; he thinkes to discover as much out of the talke of drunkards in Taphouses: he brings me informations, pick'd out of broken words, in mens common talke, which with his malitious misapplication, he hopes will seeme dangerous, he doth besides bring mee the names of all the young Gentlemen in the Citie, that use Ordinaries, or Taverns, talking (to my thinking) onely as the freedome of their youth teach them, without any further ends; for dangerous and seditious spirits, he is besides an arrant whoremaster, as any is in *Millaine*, of a lay man. I will not meddle with the Clergie, he is parcell Lawyer, and in my conscience much of their religion, I must put upon him some peece of service; come hither Sir, what have you to doe with me?

Int. Little my Lord, I only come to know how your Lordship would employ me.

Count. Observed you that gentleman, that parted from me but now.

Int. I saw him now my Lord.

Count. I was sending for you, I have talked with this man, and I doe finde him dangerous.

Int. Is your Lordship in good earnest?

Count. Harke you sir, there may perhaps be some within eare-shots.

He whispers with him.

Enteo Lazarello *and his Boy.*

Laz. Sirrha will you venture your life, the Duke hath sent the fish head to my lord?

Boy. Sir if he have not, kill me, do what you will with me.

Laz. How uncertaine is the state of all mortall things? I have these Crosses from my Cradle, from my very Cradle, in so much that I do begin to growe desperate: Fortune I doe despise thee, do thy worst; yet when I doe better gather my selfe together, I doe find it is rather the part of a wise man, to prevent the stormes of Fortune by stirring, then to suffer them by standing still, to poure themselves upon his naked body. I will about it.

Count. Who's within there?

Enter a Servingman.

Let this Gentleman out at the backe doore, forget not my instructions, if you find any thing dangerous; trouble not your selfe to finde out me, but carry your informations to the Lord *Lucio*, he is a man grave and well experienced in these businesses.

Int. Your Lordships Servant.

Exit Intelligencer and Servingman.

Count. Your Lordships Servant.

Laz. Will it please your worship walke?

Count. Sir I was coming, I will over-take you.

Lazar. I will attend you over against the Lord *Gonderinoes* house.

Count You shall not attend there long.

Laz. Thither must I to see my loves face,
the chast virgin head
Of a deere Fish, yet pure and undeflowred,
Not knowne of man no rough bred country hand,
Hath once toucht thee, no Pandars withered paw,
Nor an un-napkind Lawyers greasie fist,

Hath once ſlubbered thee: no Ladies ſupple hand,
Waſht o're with urine, hath yet ſeiz'd on thee
With her two nimble talents: no Court hand,
Whom his owne naturall filth, or change of aire,
Hath bedeckt with ſcabs, hath mard thy whiter grace:
O let it be thought lawfull then for me,
To crop the flower of thy virginitie,
Exit Lazar.

Count. This day I am for fooles, I am all theirs,
Though like to our young wanton cockerd heires,
Who doe affect thoſe men above the reſt,
In whoſe baſe company they ſtill are beſt:
I doe not with much labour ſtrive to be
The wiſeſt ever in the company:
But for a foole, our wiſdome oft amends,
As enemies doe teach us more than friends
Exit. Count.

Finis Actus primi.

Actvs II Scena. I.

Enter Gondarino and his ſervants.

Erv. My Lord:
Gond. Ha!
Serv. Here's one hath brought you a preſent.
Gond. From whom, from a woman? if it be from a woman, bid him carrie it back, and tell her ſhee's a whore what is it?
Serv. A Fiſh head my Lord.
Gond. What Fiſh head?
Serv. I did not aske that my Lord.
Gord. Whence comes it?
Ser. From the Court.
Gond. O t'is a Cods-head.
Serv. No my Lord, 'tis ſome ſtrange head, it comes from the Duke.
Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer, I doe owe him money for ſilkes, ſtop his mouth with that. *Exit Serv.* Was there ever any man that hated his wife after death but I? and for her ſake all women, women that were created onely for the preſervation of little dogges. *Enter Serv* overtaken in the ſtreets, with a great haile-ſtorme, is light at your gate, and deſires Rome till the ſtorme be overpaſt.
Gond. Is ſhee a woman?
Seru. I my Lord I thinke ſo.
Gond. I have none for her then: bid her get her gone, tell her ſhe is not welcome.
Seru. My Lord, ſhe is now comming up.
Gond. She ſhall not come up, tell her any thing, tell her I have but one great roome in my houſe, and I am now in it at the cloſe ſtoole.
Seru. She's here my Lord.
Gond. O impudence of women, I can keep dogs out of my houſe, or I can defend my houſe againſt theeves, but I canot keepe out women.
Enter Oriana, *a waiting woman, and a Page.* Now Madam, what hath your Ladiſhip to ſay to me?
Oria. My Lord, I was bold to crave the helpe of your houſe againſt the ſtorme.
Gond. Your Ladiſhips boldneſſe in coming will bee impudence in ſtaying, for you are moſt unwelcome.
Oriena. Oh my Lord!
Gond. Doe you laugh, by the hate I beare to you, tis true.
Orian. Y'are merry my Lord.
Gond. Let me laugh to death if I bee, or can be whilſt thou art here, or liveſt or any of thy ſexe.
Oriana. I commend your Lordſhip.
Gond. Doe you commend me? why doe you commend me? I give you no ſuch cauſe: thou art a filthy impudent whore; a woman, a very woman.
Oria Ha, ha, ha.
Gond. Begot when thy father was drunke.
Orian. Your Lordſhip hath a good wit.
Gond. How? what have I good wit?
Orian. Come my Lord, I have heard before of your Lordſhips merry vaine in jeſting againſt our Sexe, which I being deſirous to heare, made me rather chooſe your Lordſhips houſe, then any other, but I know I am welcome.
Gond. Let me not live if you be: me thinkes it doth not become you, to come to my houſe being a ſtranger to you, I have no woman

ſhew you your chamber; why ſhould you come to me? I have no Galleries, nor banqueting houſes, nor bawdy pictures to ſhew your Ladiſhip.

Orian: Belee e mee this your Lordſhips plaineſſe makes mee thinke my ſelfe more welcome, than if you had ſworne by all the pretty Court oathes that are, I had beene welcomer than your ſoule to your body.

Gond: Now ſhee's in talking, treaſon will get her out, I durſt ſooner undertake to talke an Intelligencer out of the roome, and ſpeake more than he durſt heare, than talk a woman out of my company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord the Duke being in the ſtreets, and the ſtorme continuing, is entred your gate, and now comming up.

Gond. The Duke! now I know your Errand Madam; you have plots and private meetings in hand: why doe you chooſe my houſe, are you aſham'd to goe to't in the old coupling place, though it be leſſe ſuſpicious here; for no Chriſtian will ſuſpect a woman to be in my houſe, yet you may do it cleanlyer there, for there is a care had of thoſe buſineſſes; and whereſoever you remove, your great maintainer and you ſhall have your lodgings directly oppoſite, it is but putting on your night-gowne, and your ſlippers; Madam, you underſtand me?

Orian. Before I would not underſtand him, but now hee ſpeakes riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke 'Twas a ſtrange haile-ſtorme.

Lucio 'Twas exceeding ſtrange.

Gond. Good morrow to your grace.

Duke Good morrow *Gonderino.*

Gond. Juſtice great Prince.

Duke Why ſhould you beg for juſtice, I never did you wrong; what's the offendor?

Gond. A woman.

Duke I know your ancient quarrell againſt that Sexe; but what hainous crime hath ſhe committed?

Gond. She hath gone abroad.

Duke What? it cannot be.

Gond. She hath done it.

Duke How? I never heard of any woman that ſhould attend a Virgin, and quite voide

Gond. If ſhee have not laid by that modeſty

Of ſhame, hath left the houſe where ſhe was borne,

As they ſhould never doe; let me endure

The paines that ſhe ſhould ſuffer.

Duke Hath ſhee ſo? which is the Woman?

Gond. This, this.

Duke How! *Arigo*: *Lucio*:

Gond. I then it is a plot, no Prince alive

Shall force mee make my houſe a Brothell houſe;

Not for the ſinnes, but for the womans ſake,

I will not have her in my doores ſo long:

Will they make my houſe as bawdy as their owne are?

Duke Is it not *Oriana?*

Lucio It is.

Duke Siſter to Count *Valero?*

Ari. The very ſame.

Duke Shee that I love.

Lucio She that you love.

Duke I doe ſuſpect.

Lucio So doe I.

Duke This fellow to be but a counterfeit,

One that doth ſeeme to loath all woman kinde,

To hate himſelfe; becauſe hee hath ſome part

Of woman in him; ſeemes not to endure

To ſee, or to be ſeen of any woman,

Onely, becauſe hee knowes it is their nature

To wiſh to taſte that which is moſt forbidden:

And with this ſhew he may the better compaſſe

(And with far leſſe ſuſpition) his baſe ends.

Lucio Upon my life 'tis ſo.

Duke And I doe know,

Before his ſhine wife gave him that offence,

He was the greateſt ſervant to that Sex

That ever was: what doth this Lady here with him alone? why ſhould he raile at her to me?

Lucio. Becauſe your grace might not ſuſpect.

Duke 'Twas ſo: I doe love her ſtrangely:

me. *They three whisper.*

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his boy.

Count. It falls out better than wee could expect Sir, that wee should finde the Duke and my Lord *Gondarino* together, both which you desire to be acquainted with.

Laz. 'Twas very happy: Boy, goe down into the kitchen, and see if you can spye that same; I am now in some hope: I have mee thinkes a kind of fever upon me,

Exit Boy

A certaine gloomineſſe within me, doubting as it were, betwixt two passions: there is no young maid upon her wedding night, when her husband sets first foot in the Bed, blushes, and lookes pale againe, oftner than I doe now. There is no Poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings, towards the latter end of this new play, when hee's in that case, that he stands peeping betwixt the Curtaines, so fearefully that a Bottle of Ale cannot be opened, but he thinks some body hisses, than I am at this instant.

Count. Are they in consultation? if they be, either my young Duke hath gotten some Bastard, and is perswading my Knight yonder, to father the childe, and marry the wench, or else some Cock-pit is to be built.

Laz. My Lord! what Noble man's that?

Count. His name is *Lucio*, 'tis he that was made a Lord at the request of some of his friends for his wives sake, he affects to be a great States-man, and thinkes it consists in night-caps and jewells, and tooth-pikes?

Laz. And what's that other?

Count. A Knight Sir, that pleaseth the Duke to favour, and to raise to some extraordinary fortunes, he can make as good men as himselfe, every day in the weeke, and doth---

Laz. For what was he raised?

Count. Truly Sir, I am not able to say directly, for what; but for wearing of red breeches as I take it, hee's a brave man, hee will spend three Knighthoods at a Supper without Trumpets.

Laza. My Lord Ile talke with him, for I have a friend, that would gladly receive the humour.

Count. If he have the itch of Knighthood upon him, let him repaire to that Physitian, hee'll cure him: but I will give yo a note; is your friend fat or leane?

Laz. Something fat.

Count. 'Twill be the worse for him.

Laza. I hope thats not materiall.

Count. Very much, for there is an impost set upon Knight-hoods, & your friend shall pay a Noble *in the* pound.

Duke I doe not like examinations,
We shall finde out the truth more easily,
Some other way lesse noted, and that course,
Should not be us'd, till we be sure to prove
Some thing directly, for when they perceive
Themselves suspected, they will then provide
More warily to answer.

Luc. Doth she know your Grace doth love her?

Duke She hath never heard it.

Luc. Then thus my Lord: *They whisper againe.*

Laz: Whats he that walks alone so sadly with his hands behinde him?

Count. The Lord of the house, hee that you desire to be acquainted with, hee doth hate women for the same cause that I love them.

Laz. What's that?

Count. For that which Apes want: you perceive me Sir?

Laz. And is he sad? can he be sad that hath so rich a gemme under his roofe, as that which I doe follow.
What young Lady's that?

Count. Which? Have I mine eye-sight perfect, 'tis my sister: did I say the Duke had a Bastard? What should shee make here with him and his Councell; she hath no papers in her hand to petition to them, shee hath never a husband in prison, whose release she might sue for: That's a fine tricke for a wench; to get her husband clapt up, that she may more freely, and with lesse suspetion, visite the private studies of men in authority. Now I doe discover their consultation, yon fellow is a Pander without all salvation: But let mee not condemne her too rashly, without weighing the matter; shee's a young Lady, shee went forth early this morning with a waiting woman, and a Page, or so: This is no garden house, in my

conscience she went forth with no dishoneſt intent I for shee did not pretend going to any Sermon in the further end of the City: Neither went she to see any odde old Gentlewoman, that mournes for the death of her husband, or the losse of her friend, and must have young Ladies come to comfort her: those are the damnable Bawdes: 'Twas no set meeting certainly; for there was no wafer-woman with her these three dayes on my knowledge: Ile talke with her; Good morrow my Lord.

Gond. Y'are welcome Sir: here's her brother come now to doe a kinde office for his sister; is it not strange?

Count. I am glad to meet you here sister.

Orian. I thanke you good brother: and if you doubt of the cause of my comming, I can satisfie you.

Count. No faith, I dare trust thee, I doe suspect thou art honeſt; for it is so rare a thing to bee honeſt amongst you, that some one man in an age, may perhaps suspect some two women to bee honeſt, but never beleeve it verily.

Luci: Let your returne be suddaine.

Arri: Unsuspected by them.

Duke It shall; so shall I best perceive their Love, if there be any. Farewell.

Count: Let me entreat your grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman, to whom your selfe,
Is much beholding; he hath made the sport
For your whole Court these eight yeares, on my knowledge.

Duke His name?

Count Lazarello. (is he?

Duke I heard of him this morning, which

Count Lazarello, pluck up thy spirits, thy Fortune is now raising, the Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt bee acquainted with him.

Laz. Hee's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon businesse. (first.

Count 'Tis all one, thou shalt know him

Laz. Stay a little, if hee should offer to take me away with him, and by that meanes I should loose that I seek for; but if he should I will not goe with him.

Count Lazarello the Duke stayes, wilt thou lose this opportunity?

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Count 'Twas well thought of: you must not talke to him as you doe to an ordinary man, honeſt plaine sence; but you must winde about him: for example, if he should aske you what a clock it is, you must not say; if it please your grace 'tis nine; but thus; thrice three a clocke, so please my Soveraigne: or thus;

Looke how many Muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned Well;
And just so many stroaks the clock hath strooke,
And so forth; and you must now and then enter into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall doe it.

Count. Come: May it please your grace to take note of a Gentleman, wel seen, deeply read, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sallets and pot-herbes whatsoever. (wardly.

Duke I shall desire to know him more in-

Laz. I kisse the Oxe-hide of your graces foot.

Count Very well: will your grace question him a little?

Duke How old are you? (manacks

Laz. Full eight and twenty severall Almanacks
Hath been compiled, all for severall yeares
Since first I drew this breath, foure prentiships
Have I most truely served in this world:
And eight and twenty times hath *Phœbus* Caire
Runne out his yearely course since-

Duke I understand you Sir.

Luci. How like an ignorant Poet he talks.

Duke You are eight and twenty yeares old? what time of the day doe you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortalls whet their knives (staires,
On thresholds, on their shooe soles, and on
New bread is grating, and the testy Cooke
Hath much to doe now, now the Tables all.

Duk. 'Tis almost dinner time?

Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Count. Your grace shall finde him in your further conference
Grave, wise, courtly and [illegible]

ſtandingly, read
In the neceſſities of the life of man.
He knows that man is mortall by his birth;
He knowes that men muſt dye, and therefore live;
He knowes that men muſt live, and therefore eate,
And if it ſhall pleaſe your grace, to accompany your ſelfe with him, I doubt not, but that he will at the leaſt, make good my commendations.

Duk. Attend us *Lazarello*, we doe want
Men of ſuch Action, as we have received you
Reported from your honorable friend.

Laza. Good my Lord ſtand betwixt mee and my overthrow, you know I am ti'd here, and may not depart, my gracious Lord, ſo waightie are the buſineſſe of mine owne, which at this time doe call upon me, that I will rather chuſe to die, then to neglect them.

Count. Nay you ſhall well perceive, beſides the vertues that I have alreadie inform'd you off, he hath a ſtomack, which will ſtoope to no Prince alive.

Duk. Sir at your beſt leiſure, I ſhall thirſt to ſee you.

Laza. And I ſhall hunger for it.

Duk. Till then farewell all.

Gon. Count. Long life attend your Grace.

Duk. I doe not taſt this ſport, *Arrigo Lucio.*

Arrigo. Luci. We doe attend.

Exeunt Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. His grace is gone, and hath left his *Hellen* with me, I am no pander for him, neither can I be wonne with the hope of gaine, or the itching deſire of taſting my Lords lecherie to him, to keepe her at (my houſe) or bring her in diſguiſe, to his bed Chamber.
The twyns of Adders, and of Scorpions
About my naked breſt, will ſeeme to mee
More tickling then thoſe claſpes, which men adore;
The luſtfull, dull, ill ſpirited embraces
Of women; the much prayſed *Amazones*,
Knowing their owne infirmities ſo well,
Made of themſelves a people, and what men
They take amongſt them they, condemne to die,
Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer that would willingly
Come in the worthleſſe preſence of a woman.
I will attend, and ſee what my young Lord will doe with his ſiſter.

Enter Lazarilloes Boy.

Boy. My Lord; the fiſh head is gone againe.

Count. Wither.

Boy. I know whither my Lord

Count. Keep it from *Lazarillo*: Siſter ſhall I conferre with you in private, to know the cauſe of the Dukes comming hither, I know he makes you acquainted with his buſineſſe of State.

Oria. Ile ſatisfie you brother, for I ſee you are jealous of me.

Gond. Now there ſhall be ſome courſe taken for her conveiance.

Laza. Lazarillo, thou art happie, thy carriage hath begot love, and that love hath brought forth fruits, thou art here in the company of a man honourable; that will helpe thee to taſt of the bounties of the Sea, and when thou haſt ſo done. thou ſhalt retire thy ſelfe unto the Court, and there taſt of the delicates of the earth, and be great in the eyes of thy Soveraigne: now no more ſhalt thou need to ſcramble for thy meate, nor remove thy ſtomack with the Court; but thy credit ſhall command thy hearts deſire, and all novelties ſhall be ſent as preſents unto thee.

Count. Good Siſter, when you ſee your own time, will you returne home.

Oria Yes brother, and not before.

Laza. I will grow populer in this State, and overthrow the fortunes of a number, that live by extortion.

Count. Lazarello, beſtirre thy ſelfe nimbly and ſodainly, and here me with patience. to heare.

Laza. Let me not fall from my ſelfe; ſpeak I am bound.

Count So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt heare the fiſh head is gone, and we know not whither.

Laza. I will not curse, nor sweare, nor rage, nor raile,
Nor with contempteous tongue, accuse my Fate;
Though I might justly doe it, nor will I
Wish my selfe uncreated for this evill:
Shall I entreat your Lordship to be seene
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by Fortune?

Count. I hate to leave my friend in his extremities.

Laza. 'Tis noble in you, then I take your hand,
And doe protest, I do not follow this
For any mallice or for privat ends,
But with a love, as gentle and as chast,
As that a brother to his sister beares:
And if I see this fish head yet unknowne;
The last words that my dying father spake,
Before his eye strings brake, shall not of me
So often be remembred, as our meeting,
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure love, and free from servile lust.

Count. Farwell my Lord, I was entreated to invite your Lordship to a Ladies upsitting.

Gond O my eares, why Madame, will not you follow your brother, you are waited for by great men, heele bring you to him.

Oria. I'me very well my Lord, you doe mistake me, if you thinke I affect greater company then your selfe.

Gond. What madnesse possesseth thee, that thou canst imagine me a fit man to entertain Ladies; I tell thee, I do use to teare their haire, to kick them, and to twindge their noses, if they be not carefull in avoiding me.

Oria. Your Lordship may discant upon your owne behavior as please you, but I protest, so sweet and courtly it appeares in my eye, that I meane not to leave you yet.

Cond. I shall grow rough.

Oria. A rough carriage is best in a man, Ile dine with you my Lord.

Gond. Why I will starve thee, thou shalt have nothing

Oria. I have heard of your Lordships nothing, Ile put that to the venture.

Gond. Well thou shalt have meat, Ile send it to thee.

Oria. Ile keep no state my Lord, neither doe I mourne, ile dine with you.

Gond. Is such a thing as this allowed to live:
What power hath let thee loose upon the earth
To plague us for our sinnes? out of my doores.

Oria. I would your Lordship did but see how well
This fury doth become you, it doth shew
So neere the life, as it were naturall.

Gond. O thou damn'd woman, I will flie the vengeance
That hangs above thee, follow if thou dar'st.

Exit Gondarino.

Oria. I must not leave this fellow, I will torment him to madnesse,
To teach his passions against kind to move,
The more he hates, the more Ile seeme to love.

Exeunt Oriana and Maid.

Enter Pandar and Mercer a citizen.

Pand. Sir, what may be done by art shall be done,
I weare nor this blacke cloake for nothing.

Mer. Performe this, help me to this great heire by learning, and you shall want no blacke cloakes, taffaties, silkgrograns, sattins and velvets are mine, they shall be yours; performe what you have promised, and you shall make me a lover of Sciences, I will study the learned languages, and keepe my shop-booke in Latine.

Pand. Trouble me not now, I will not faile you within this houre at your shop.

Mer. Let Art have her course.

Exit Mercer.

Enter Curtezan.

Pand. 'Tis well spoken, *Madona.*

Mad. Hast thou brought me any customers.

Pan. No.

Ma. What the devill do'st thou in blacke?

Pa. As all solemne professors of setled courses, doe cover my knavery with it: will you marry a citizen; reasonably rich, and unreasonably foolish, silkes in his shoppe, mony in his purse, and no wit in his head?

Ma. Out upon him, I could have bin o-

therwise then so, there was a Knight swore he would have had mee, if I would have lent him but forty shillings to have redeem'd his cloake, to goe to Church in.

Pan. Then your wastcote wayter shall have him, call her in?

Ma. Francessina?

Fr. Anone?

Ma. Get you to the Church, and shrive your selfe,
For you shall be richly marryed anon.

Pan. And get you after her, I will worke upon my citizen whilst he is warme, I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours, the openest fooles are har dly cousened, if they once grow jealous.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secun.

Actvs III. Scena I.

Enter Gondarino flying the Lady.

Gond. Save me ye better powers, let me not fall
Betweene the loose embracements of a woman:
Heaven, if my sinnes be ripe growne to a head,
And must attend your vengeance: I beg not to divert my fate,
Or to reprive a while thy punishment
Onely I crave, and heare me equall heavens,
Let not your furious rodd, that must afflict me,
Be that imperfect peece of nature,
That arte makes up, woman, unsatiate woman.
Had we not knowing soules, at first infus'd
To teach a difference, twixt extreames and goods?
Were we not made our selves, free, unconfin'd
Commanders of our own affections?
And can it be, that this most perfect creature,
This image of his maker, well squar'd man,
Should leave the handfast, that he had of grace,
To fall into a womans easie armes.

Enter Oriana.

Orian. Now *Venus* be my speed, inspire me with all the severall subtill temptations, that thou hast already given, or hast in store heareafter to bestow upon our Sexe: grant that I may apply that Physicke that is most apt to worke upon him: whether he *will* soonest be moov'd with wantonnesse, singing, dauncing, or being passionate, with scorne, or with sad and serious lookes, cunningly mingled with sighes, with smiling, lisping, kissing the hand, and making short curtsies; or with whatsoever other nimble power, he may be caught: doe thou infuse into mee, and when I have him, I will sacrifice him up to thee.

Gond. It comes againe; new apparitions,
And tempting spirits: Stand and reveale thy selfe,
Tell why thou followest me? I feare thee
As I feare the place thou camst from: Hell.

Orian. My Lord, I am a woman, and such a one---

Gond. That I hate truely, thou hadst better bin a devill,

Orian. Why my unpatient Lord?

Gond. Devils were once good, there they excel'd you women.

Orian. Can ye be so uneasie, can ye freeze and
Such a summers heat so ready
To dissolve, nay gentle Lord, turne not away in scorne,
Nor hold me lesse faire then I am: looke on these cheeks,
They have yet enough of nature, true complexion,
If to be read and white, a forehead hie,
An easie melting lip, a speaking eye,
And such a tongue, whose language takes the eare
Of strict religion, and men most austere:
If these may hope to please, looke here.

Gond. This woman with entreaty wo'd show all,
Lady there lies your way, I pray ye farewell.

Orian. Y'are yet to harsh, to dissonant.
Ther's no true musicke in your words, my Lord.

Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone?
Heares ta, and tha wants lodging, take my house, tis big enough, tis thine owne, 'will

hold five leacherous Lords, and their lackies without discovery: ther's stoves and bathing tubbes.

Orian. Deare Lord: y'are too wild.

Gond. Shalt have a Doctor too, thou shat, 'bout fixe and twentie, tis a pleasing age; or I can helpe thee to a handsome Vsher: or if thou lack'st a page, ile give thee one, preethe keepe house, and leave me.

Oria. I do confesse I am to easie, too much woman,
Not coy enough to take affection,
Yet I can frowne and nip a passion
Even in the bud: I can say
Men please their present heats; then please to leave us.
I can hold off, and by my Chimmick power
Draw Sonnets, from the melting lovers braine,
Aymees, and *Elegies*: yet to you my Lord
My Love, my better selfe, I put these off,
Doing that office, not befits our sex,
Entreat a man to love;
Are ye not yet relenting, ha'ye bloud and Spirit
In those veines, ye are no image, though ye be as hard.
As marble, sure ye have no liver, if ye had,
'Twould send a lively and desiring heate
To every member; is not this miserable,
A thing so truly form'd, shapt out by Symetry,
Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working to, yet to shew all these
Like dead motions moving upon wyers,
Then good my Lord, leave off what you have beene,
And freely be what you were first entended for: a man.

Gond. Thou art a precious peece of slie damnation,
I will be deaffe, I will locke up my eares,
Tempt me not, I will not love; if I doe,

Oria. Then ile hate you.

Gond. Let me be nointed with hony, and turn'd into the Sunne,
To be stung to death with horse-flies,
Hearst thou, thou breeder, here ile sit,
And in despight of thee I will say nothing.

Oria. Let me with your faire patience, sit

Gond. Maddam, Ladie, tempter, tongue, woman, ayre.
Looke to me, I shall kicke; I say againe,
Locke to me I shall kicke.

Oria. I cannot thinke your better knowledge can use a woman so uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot thinke, I shall become a coxcombe,
To ha'my hare curl'd, by an idle finger,
My cheekes turne Tabers, and be plaid upon,
Mine eyes lookt babies in, and my nose blowd to my hand,
I say againe I shall kicke, sure I shall.

Oria. Tis but your outside that you shew, I know your mind
Never was guilty of so great a weakenesse,
Or could the tongues of all men joyned togeather.
Possesse me with a thought of your dislike
My weakenesse were above a womans, to fall off
From my affection, for one crake of thunder,
O wo'd you could love, my Lord.

Gond. I wod thou wouldst sit still, and say nothing: what mad-man let thee loose to do more mischiefe than a dousen whirlwinds, keep thy hands in thy muffe, and warme the idle wormes in thy fingers ends will ye bee doing still, will no entreating serve yee, no lawfull warning, I must remove and leave your Ladiship; nay never hope to stay me, for I will runne, from that Smooth, Smiling, witching, Cousening, Tempting, Damning face of thine, as farre as I can find any land, where I will put my selfe into a daily course of Curses for thee, and all thy Famile.

Oria. Nay good my Lord sit still, ile promise peace
And fould mine Armes up, let but mine eye discourse,
Or let my voyce set to some pleasing corde, sound out
The sullen straines of my neglected love.

Gond Sing till thou cracke thy treble string in peeces,
And when thou hast done, put up thy pipes and walke,
Doe any thing, sit still and tempt me not.

Oria. I had rather sing at doores for bread,

then sing to this fellow, but for hate: if this should be told in the Court, that I beginne to woe Lords, what a troope of the untrust nobilitie should I have at my lodging to morrow morning,

Come sleepe, and with thy sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight a while,
Let some pleasing Dreames beguile
All my fancies; that from thence, *Song.*
I may feele and influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Though but a shaddow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little Ioy,
We that suffer long anoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancie wrought
O let my joyes, have some abiding.

Gond. Have you done your wassayle, tis a handsome drowsie dittie ile assure yee, now I had as leave here a Catt cry, when her taile is cut off, as heare these lamentations, these lowsie love-layes, these bewailements, you thinke you have caught me Ladie, you think I melt now, like a dish of May butter, and runne, all into brine, and passion, yes, yes, I am taken, looke how I crosse my armes, looke pale, and dwyndle, and woo'd cry, but for spoyling my face, we must part, nay we'l avoyd all Ceremony, no kissing Ladie, I desire to know your Ladiship no more; death of my soule the Duke.

Oria. God keep your Lordship.

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Oria. Ile be the Clarke, and crie, *Amen*, Your Lordships ever assured enemie *Oriana.*

Exit Oriana, Manet Gondarino.

Actvs III. Scena II.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. All the dayes good, attend your Lordship.

Duk. We thanke you *Gonderino*, is it possible,
Can beleese lay hold on such a miracle,
To see thee, one that hath cloystred up all passion,
Turn'd wilfull votary, and forsworne, converse with women in company and faire discourse, with the best beauty of *Myllaine?*

Gon. Tis true, and if your Grace that hath the sway
Of the whole State, will suffer this lude sex,
These women: to pursew us to our homes,
Not to be praid, not to be rail'd away,
But they will woe, and daunce, and sing,
And in a manner, looser then they are
By nature (which should seeme impossible)
To throw their armes, on our unwilling necks.

Duk. No more, I can see through your vissore, dissemble it no more,
Doe not I know thou hast us'd all Arte,
To worke upon the poore simplicitie
Of this young Maide, that yet hath knowne none ill?
Thinkest that damnation will fright those that wooe
From oathes, and lies? but yet I thinke her chast,
And will from thee, before thou shalt apply
Stronger temptations, beare her hence with mee.

Gond. My Lord, I speake not this to gaine new grace,
But howsoever you esteeme my words,
My love and dutie will not suffer mee
To see you favour such a prostitute,
And I stand by dumb; without Racke, Torture,
Or Strappado, Ile unrippe my selfe,
I doe confesse I was in company, with that pleasing peece of frailtie, that we call woman; I doe confesse after along and tedious seige, I yeelded.

Duk. Forward.

Gond. Faith my Lord to come quickly to the point, the woman you saw with me is a whore; an arrant whore.

Duk. Was she not Count *Valores* Sister?

Gond. Yes, that Count *Valores* Sister is naught,

Duk. Thou darst not say so.

Gond. Not, if it be distasting to your Lord-

ſhip, but give mee freedome, and I dare maintaine, ſhe ha's imbrac'd this body, and growne to it as cloſe, as the hot youthfull vine to the elme.

Duk. Twice have I ſeene her with thee, twice my thoughts were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy ſtrictneſſe falſe and impoſterous: Is this your mewing up, your ſtrict retirement, your bitterneſſe and gaule againſt that ſex; have I not heard thee ſay, thou wouldſt ſooner meet the *Baſiliskes* dead-doing eye, than meet a woman for an object? looke it be true you tell me, or by our countries Saint your head goes off: if thou prove a whore, no womans face ſhall ever move me more. *Exeunt.*

Manet Gondarino.

Gond. So, ſo, 'tis as ſhould be, are women growne ſo mankind? Muſt they be wooing, I have a plot ſhall blow her up, ſhe flyes, ſhe mounts, Ile teach her Ladyſhip to dare my fury, I will bee knowne, and fear'd, and more truly hated of women than an Eunuch.

Enter Oriano.

Shees here againe, good gaule bee patient, for I muſt diſſemble.

Orian. Now my cold froſty Lord, my woman Hater, you that have ſworne an everlaſting hate to all our ſex: by my troth good Lord, and as I am yet a maid, my thought 'twas excellent ſport to heare your honour ſwear out an Alphabet, chafe nobly like a Generall, kicke like a reſty Jade, and make ill faces: Did your good Honour thinke I was in love? where did I firſt begin to take that heat? from thoſe two radiant eyes, that piercing ſight? oh they were lovely, if the balls ſtood right; and there's a legge made out of a dainty ſtaffe, Where, the Gods bee thanked there is calfe enough.

Gond. Pardon him Lady, that is now a convert.
Your beauty like a Saint hath wrought this wonder.

Oriana. Alaſſe, ha's it beene prick't at the heart, is the ſtomack come downe, will it raile no more at women, and call 'em Divells, ſhee Cattes, and Goblins.

Gond. Hee that ſhall marry thee, had better ſpend the poore remainder of his dayes in a dung-barge, for two pence a week, and find himſelfe.
Downe againe Spleene, I prethee downe againe, ſhall I finde favour Ladie? ſhall at length my true unfeigned penitence get pardon for my harſh unſeaſoned follies? I am no more an Atheiſt, no, I doe acknowledge, that dread powerfull Deity, and his all quickning heats burne in my breaſt: oh be not as I was, hard, unrelenting; but as I am, be partner of my fires.

Oria. Sure wee have ſtore of Larkes, the Skies will not hold up long, I ſhould have looked as ſoone for Froſt in the dogge daies, or another Inundation, as hop'd this ſtrange converſion above miracle: let mee looke upon your Lordſhip; is your name *Gondarino*; are you *Millaines* Generall, that great Bug-beare bloody-bones, at whoſe name all women, from the Ladie to the Landreſſe, ſhake like a cold fit.

Gond. Good patience helpe me, this Fever will inrage my blood againe: Madam I am that man; I am even hee that once did owe unreconciled hate to you, and all that beare the name of woman: I am the man that wrong'd your Honour to the Duke: I am the man that ſaid you were unchaſte, and proſtitute, yet I am he that dare deny all this.

Orian. Your big Nobility is very merry.

Gond. Lady tis true that I have wron'gd you thus,
And my contrition is as true as that,
Yet have I found a meanes to make all good againe,
I doe beſeech your beautie, not for my ſelfe,
My merits are yet in conception,
But for your honours ſafety and my zeale
Retire a while, while I unſay my ſelfe unto the Duke,
And caſt out that evill Spirit I have poſſeſt him with,
I have a houſe conveniently private.

Ori. Lord, thou haſt wrong'd my innocence, but thy confeſſion hath gain'd thee faith

Gond.

Gond. By the true honeſt ſeruice, that I owe theſe eyes ſtrangely,
My meaning is as ſpotles as my faith.
Oria. The Duke doubt mine honour? a may judge
Twill not be long, before ile be enlarg'd a gaine.
Gond. A day or two.
Orian. Mine owne ſervants ſhall attend me.
Gond. Your Ladiſhips command is good.
Orian. Looke you be true.

Exit Oriana.

Gond. Elſe let me loſe the hopes my ſoule aſpires to: I will be a ſcourge to all females in my life, and after my death, the name of *Gondarino* ſhall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth; they ſhall ſhake at my name, and at the ſound of it, their knees ſhall knocke together; and they ſhall runne into Nunneries, for they and I are beyound all hope irreconcilable: for if I could endure an eare with a hole in't, or a pleated locke, or a bare-headed Coachman, that ſits like a ſigne where great Ladies are to be ſold within; agreement betwixt us, were not to be diſpaired of; if I could be but brought to endure to ſee women, I would have them come all once a weeke, and kiſſe me, as Witches doe the devill in token of homage: I muſt not live here I will to the Court, and there purſue my plot; when it hath tooke, women ſhall ſtand in awe, but of my looke.

Exit.

Actvs III. Scena. III.

Enter two Intelligencers, diſcovering treaſon in the Courtiers words.

1. *Intel.* There take your ſtanding, be cloſe and vigilant, here will I ſet my ſelfe, and let him looke to his language, a ſhall know the Duke ha's more eares in Court than two

2. *Int.* Ile quote him to a tittle, let him ſpeake wiſely, and plainely, and as hidden as a can, or I ſhall cruſh him, a ſhall not ſcape charracters, though a ſpeake Babell, I ſhall cruſh him: we have a Fortune by this ſervice hanging over us, that within this yeare or to, I hope we ſhall be called to be examiners, weare politicke gownes garded with copper lace, making great faces full of feare and office, our labours may deſerve this.

1. *Int.* I hope it ſhall: why ha's not many men bin raiſed from this worming trade, firſt to gaine good acceſſe to great men, then to have commiſſions out for ſearch, and laſtly, to be worthily nam'd at a great Arraignment: yes, and why not we? they that endeavour well deſerve their *Fee*.
Cloſe, cloſe, a comes: marke well, and all goes well.

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his Boy.

Laz. Farewell my hopes, my Anchor now is broken,
Farewell my *quondam* joyes, of which no token
Is now remaining, ſuch is the ſad miſchance,
Where Lady Fortune leades the ſlippry daunce.
Yet at the length, let me this favour have,
Give me my wiſhes, or a wiſhed grave.
Count. The gods defend ſo brave and valiant mawe,
Should ſlip into the never ſatiate jawe
Of blacke Deſpaire; no, thou ſhalt live and know
Thy full deſires, hunger thy auncient foe,
Shall be ſubdued, thoſe guts that daily tumble
Through ayre and appetite, ſhall ceaſe to rumble:
And thou ſhalt now at length obtaine thy diſh,
That noble part, the ſweet head of a fiſh.
Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke.
2. *Int.* There, there's a notable peece of treaſon, greater than the Duke, marke that
Count. But how, or where, or when this ſhall be compas'd, is yet out of my reach.
Laz. I am ſo truely miſerable, that might I be now knockt ath' head, with all my heart I would forgive a dog killer.
Count. Yet doe I ſee through this confu-

ſed-

fedneſſe ſome little comfort.

Laz. The plot my Lord, as er'e you came of a woman, diſcover.

1. *Int.* Plots, dangerous plots, I will deſerve by this moſt liberally.

Count. 'Tis from my head againe.

Laz. O that it would ſtand mee, that I might fight, or have ſome venture for it, that I might be turn'd looſe, to try my fortune amongſt the whole frie in a Colledge, or an Inne of Court, or ſcramble with the priſoners in the dungeon; nay were it ſet downe in the outward court,
And all the Guarde about it in a ring,
With their knives drawne, which were a diſmall ſight,
And after twenty leiſurely were told,
I to be let looſe onely in my ſhirt,
To trie the valour, how much of the ſpoyle,
I would recover from the enemies mouthes:
I would accept the challenge.

Count. Let it goe: haſt not thou beene held
To have ſome wit in the Court, and to make fine jeſts
Vpon country people in progreſſe time, and
Wilt thou looſe this opinion, for the cold head of a Fiſh?
I ſay, let it goe; ile help thee to as good a diſh of meat.

Laz. God let me not live, if I doe not wonder.
Men ſhould talke ſo propanely:
But it is not in the power of looſe wordes,
Of any vaine or misbeleeving man,
To make me dare to wrong thy purity.
Shew me but any Lady in the Court,
That hath ſo full an eye, ſo ſweet a breath,
So ſoft and white a fleſh: this doth not lie
In almond gloves, nor ever hath bin waſht
In artificiall bathes; no traveller
That hath brought doctor home with him, hath dar'd
With all his waters, powders, Fucuſſes,
To make thy lovely corpes ſophiſticate.

Count. I have it, tis now infus'e, be comforted.

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left in nature? ſhall I once more erect up Trophies? ſhall I enjoy the ſight of my deare Saint, and bleſſe my pallate with the beſt of creatures, ah good my Lord, by whom I breath againe, ſhall I receive this beeing?

Count. Sir I have found by certaine calculation, and ſetled revolution of the ſtarres, the Fiſh is ſent by the Lord *Gondarino* to his Mercer, now tis a growing hope to know where tis.

Laz. O tis farre above the good of women, the *Pathicke* cannot yeild more pleaſing tittylation.

Count. But how to compaſſe it, ſearch, caſt about, and bang your braines, *Lazarello*, thou art to dull and heavy to deſerve a bleſſing.

Laz. My Lord, I will not be idle; now *Lazarello*, thinke, thinke, thinke.

Count. Yonders my informer
And his fellow with table bookes, they nod at me
Vpon my life, they have poore *Lazarello* that beats
His braines about no ſuch waighty matter, in for
Treaſon before this---

Laz. My Lord, what doe you thinke, if I ſhould ſhave my ſelfe,
Put on midwives apparell, come in with a hand-kercher,
And begge a peece for a great bellied woman, or a ſick child?

Count. Good, very good.

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentiſe to betray the reverſion.

1. *Inte.* Ther's another point in's plot, corrupted with mony; to betray: ſure 'tis ſome Fort a meanes: marke, have a care.

Laz. And 'tware the bare vinegar 'tis eaten with, it would in ſome ſort ſatisfie nature: but might I once attaine the diſh it ſelfe, though I cut out my meanes through ſword and fire, through poiſon, through any thing that may make good my hopes.

2. *Int.* Thankes to the gods, and our officiouſneſſe, the plots diſcovered, fire, ſteele, and poiſon, burne the Palace, kill the Duke and poiſon his privie Councell.

Count. To the mercers, let me ſee: how, if before we can attaine the meanes, to make up our acquaintance, the fiſh be eaten?

Laz.

Laz. If it be eaten, here a ſtands, that is the moſt dejected, moſt unfortunate, miſerable, accurſed, forſaken ſlave, this Province yields: I will not ſure outlive it, no I will dye bravely, and like a Roman; and after death, amidſt the Elizian ſhades, Ile meet my love againe.

1. *In.* I will dye bravely, like a Roman: have a care, marke that, when he hath done all, he will kill himſelfe.

Count. Will nothing eaſe your appetite but this?

Laz. No could the Sea throw up his vaſtneſſe,
And offer free his beſt inhabitants: 'twere not ſo much as a bare temptation to mee.

Count. If you could be drawne to affect Beefe, Venifon, or Fowle, twould be farre the better.

Laza. I doe beſeech your Lordſhips patience,
I doe confeſſe that in this heat of bloud
I have contemn'd all dull and groſſer meats,
But I proteſt I doe honour a Chine of Beefe,
I doe reverence a loyne of Veale,
But good my Lord, give me leave a little to adore this:
But my good Lord, would your Lordſhip under colour of taking up ſome ſilkes, goe to the Mercers, I would in all humilitie attend your honour, where we may be invited, if Fortune ſtand propitious.

Count. Sir you ſhall worke mee as you pleaſe.

Laza. Let it bee ſuddenly, I doe beſeech your Lordſhip, 'tis now upon the point of dinner time.

Count. I am all yours.

Exeunt Lazarello and Count.

1 *In.* Come let us conferre,
Imprimis a ſaith like a blaſphemous villaine, hee is greater than the Duke, this peppers him, and there were nothing elſe.

2 *In.* Then a was naming plots; did you not heare?

1 *In.* Yes but a fell from that unto diſcovery, to corrupt by money, and ſo attaine.

2 *In.* I, I, a meant ſome Fort, or Syttadell the Duke hath, his very face betraid his meanning, O he is a very ſubtill and a dangerous knave, but if hee deale a Gods name, wee ſhall worme him.

1 *In.* But now comes the Stroake, the fatall blow, Fire, Sword and Poyſon, O Canibal, thou bloudy Canibal.

2 *In.* What had become of this poore ſtate, had we not beene?

1 *In.* Faith it had lyen buried in his owne aſhes, had not a greater hand been in't

2 *In.* But note the raſcalls reſolution, after th'acts done, becauſe a wo'd avoid all feare of torture, and couſen the Law, a wo'd kill himſelfe; was there ever the like danger brought to light in this age? ſure we ſhall merit much, wee ſhall bee able to keepe two men a peece, and a two hand ſword between us, we will live in favour of the State, betray our ten or twelve treaſons a weeke, and the people ſhall feare us: come, to the Lord *Lucio*, the Sunne ſhall not goe downe till he be hanged.

Exeunt.

Actvs 3. Scena 4.

Enter Mercer

Mer. Looke to my ſhop, and if there come ever a Schollar in black, let him ſpeak with me, wee that are ſhop-keepers in good trade, are ſo peſtered, that we can ſcarce pick out an houre for our mornings meditation: and howſoever wee are all accounted dull, and common jeſting ſtocks for your gallants; there are ſome of us doe not deſerve it: for, for my owne part I doe begin to bee given to my booke, I love a ſchollar with my heart, for queſtionleſſe there are merveilous things to bee done by Art: why ſir, ſome of them will tell you what is become of horſes, and ſilver ſpoones, and will make wenches dance naked to their beds: I am yet unmarried, and becauſe ſome of our neighbours are ſaid to bee Cuckolds, I will never bee married without the conſent of ſome of theſe ſchollars, that know what will come of it.

Enter

Enter Pander.

Pan. Are you buſie ſir?

Mer. Never to you ſir, not to any of your coate.
Sir is there any thing to bee done by Art, concerning the great heire wee talked on?

Pan. Will ſhee, nill ſhee: ſhee ſhall come running into my houſe at the farther corner, in Sa. Markes ſtreet betwixt three and foure.

Mer. Betwixt three and foure? ſhee's brave in cloathes, is ſhee not:

Pan. O rich! rich! where ſhould I get cloathes to dreſſe her in? help me invention: Sir, that her running through the ſtreet may be leſſe noted, my Art more ſhowne, and your feare to ſpeake with her leſſe, ſhe ſhall come in a white waſtcoat, And---

Mer. What ſhall ſhee?

Pan. And perhaps torne ſtockings, ſhee hath left her old wont elſe.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir my Lord *Gond.* hath ſent you a rare fiſh head.

Mer. It comes right, all things ſute right with me ſince I began to love ſchollars, you ſhall have it home with you againſt ſhee come: carrie it to this Gentlemans houſe.

Pan. The faire white houſe at the farther corner at S. Marks ſtreet, make haſt, I muſt leave you too Sir, I have two houres to ſtudy; buy a new Accedens, and ply your book, and you ſhall want nothing that all the ſchollars in the Towne can doe for you.

Exit Pander.

Mer. Heaven proſper both our ſtudies, what a dull ſlave was I before I fell in love with this learning? not worthy to tread upon the earth, & what freſh hopes it hath put into me? I doe hope within this twelve-month to bee able by Art to ſerve the Court with ſilkes, and not undoe my ſelfe; to truſt Knights, and yet get in my money againe; to keep my wife brave, and yet ſhe keep no body elſe ſo.

Enter Count, and Lazarello.

Your Lordſhip is moſt honourably welcome in regard of your Nobility; but moſt eſpecial in regard of your ſcollerſhip: did your Lordſhip come openly?

Count. Sir this cloake keepes mee private, beſides no man will ſuſpect mee to bee in the company of this Gentleman, with whom, I will deſire you to bee acquainted, he may prove a good cuſtomer to you.

Laza. For plaine ſilks and velvets.

Mer. Are you ſcholaſticall?

Laza. Something addicted to the Muſes

Count. I hope they will not diſpute.

Mer. You have no skill in the black Art.

Enter a Prentice.

Pren. Sir yonders a Gentleman enquires haſtily for Count *Valore*.

Count. For me? what is he?

Pren. One of your followers my Lord I thinke.

Count. Let him come in.

Mer. Shall I talke with you in private Sir?

Enter a Meſſenger with a Letter to the Count, hee reads.

Count. Count *come to the Court your buſineſſe calls you thither*, I will goe, farewell Sir, I will ſee your ſilkes ſome other time: Farewell *Lazarillo*.

Mer. Will not your Lordſhip take a peice of Beefe with me?

Count. Sir I have greater buſineſſe than eating; I will leave this Gentleman with you.

Exeunt Count. & Meſ.

Laza. No, no, no, no: now doe I feele that ſtraind ſtrugling within me, that I think I could propheſie.

Mer. The Gentleman is meditating.

Laza. Hunger, valour, love ambition are alike pleaſing, and let our Philoſophers ſay what they will, are one kind of heat, onely hunger is the ſafeſt, ambition is apt to fall;

Love

Love and valour are not free from dangers, onely hunger, begotten of some old limber Courtier, in pan de hose, and nurs'd by an Attourneys wife; now so thriven, that hee need not feare to bee of the great Turkes guard: is so free from all quarrels and dangers, so full of hopes, joyes, and ticklings, that my life is not so deare to mee as his acquaintance.

Enter Lazarelloe's boy.

Boy. Sir the fish head is gone.

Laza. Then bee thou henceforth dumbe, with thy ill boding voice.
Farewell *Millaine*, farewell Noble Duke,
Farewell my fellow Gourriers all, with whom,
I have of yore made many a scrambling meale
In corners, behind Arasses, on staires,
And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd,
Our Doublets and our hose with liquid stuffe:
Farewell you lusty Archers of the Guard,
To whom I now doe give the bucklers up,
And never more with any of your coate
Will eat for wagers, now you happy be,
When this shall light upon you, thinke on mee:
You Sewers, carvers, ushers of the court
Sirnamed gentle for your faire demeane,
Here I doe take of you my last farewell,
May you stand stifly in your proper places,
and execute your offices aright.
Farewell you Maidens, with your mother eke,
Farewell you courtly Chaplaines that bee there,
All good attend you, may you never more
Marry your Patrons Ladies wayting-woman,
But may you rais'd be by this my fall
May *Lazarillo* suffer for you all.

Merc. Sir I was hearkning to you.

Laz. I will heare nothing, I will breake my knife, the Ensigne of my former happy state, knock out my teeth, have them hung at a Barbers, and enter into Religion.

Boy. Why Sir, I thinke I know whether it is gone.

Laz. See the rashnesse of man in his nature, whither? I doe unsay all that I have said, goe on, goe on: Boy, I humble my selfe and follow thee; Farewell Sir.

Mer. Not so Sir, you shall take a piece of Beefe with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

Mer. By my fay but you shall Sir, in regard of your love to learning, and your skill in the black Art,

Laz. I doe hate learning, and I have no skill in the black Art; I would I had.

Mer. Why your desire is sufficient to me, you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and detested curses that can be imagined, light upon all the professors of that Art; may they be drunke, and when they goe to conjure, and reele in the Circle, may the spirits bythem rais'd, teare um in pieces, and hang their quarters on old broken walls, and Steeple tops.

Mer. This speech of yours, shewes you to have some skill in the Science, wherefore in civilitie, I may not suffer you to depart empty.

Laz. My stomack is up, I cannot endure it, I will fight in this quarrell as soone as for my Prince.

Drawes his Rapier

Exeunt Om.

Roome, make way:
Hunger commands, my valour must obey.

Finis Act. 3.

Actvs IIII. Scena I.

Enter Count and Arrigo.

Count. Is the Duke private?

Arr. He is alone, but I thinke your Lordship may enter,

Exit Count, Enter Gondarino

Gond. Who's with the Duke?

Arr. The Count is new gone in; but the Duke will come forth before you can bee weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arr. I must wait without the doore.

Exit Arrigo.

Gond Doth he hope to cleare his ſiſter, ſhee will come no more to my houſe, to laugh at me: I have ſent her to a habitation, where when ſhe ſhall be ſeene, it will ſet a gloſſe upon her name; yet upon my ſoule I have beſtowed her amongſt the pureſt hearted creatures of her ſexe, and the freeſt from diſſimulation; for their deedes are all alike, onely they dare ſpeake, what the reſt think: the women of this age, if there be any degrees of compariſon amongſt their ſexe, are worſe then thoſe of former times; for I have read of women, of that truth, ſpirit, and conſtancy; that were they now living, I ſhould indure to ſee them: But I feare the writers of the time belied them, for how familiar a thing is it with the Poets of our age, to extoll their whores, which they call miſtreſſes, with heavenly praiſes? but I thanke their furies, and their craz'd braines, beyond beleefe: nay how many that would faine ſeeme ſerious, have dedicated grave words to ladies tooth-leſſe, hollow-ei'd their haire ſhedding, purple fac'd, their nayles apparantly coming off; and the bridges of their noſes broken downe and have called them the choyſe handy workes of nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wonderment of women. Our women beginne to ſwarme like Bees in the ſummer: as I came hither, there was no payre of ſtayres, no entry, no lobbey, but was peſtred with them: me thinkes there might be ſome courſe taken to deſtroy them.

Enter Arrigo, and an old deafe countrey gentlewoman ſuter to the Duke.

Arrigo. I doe accept your money, walke here, and when the Duke comes out, you ſhall have fit opportunity to deliver your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thanke you heartily, I pray you who's he that walkes there?

Arr. A Lord, and a Souldier, one in good favour with the Duke; if you could get him to deliver your Petition---

Gentlew. What doe you ſay Sir?

Arr. If you could get him to deliver your petition for you, or to ſecond you, 'twere ſure.

Gentlew. I hope I ſhall live to requite your kindneſſe.

Arrig. You have already.

Exit Arrigo.

Gentlew. May it pleaſe your Lordſhip----

Gond No, No.

Gentlew. To conſider the eſtate——

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poore oppreſſed Countrey Gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not pleaſe my Lordſhip.

Gentlew. Firſt and foremoſt, I have had great injurie, then I have been brought up to the Towne three times.

Gond, A pox on him, that brought thee to the Towne.

Gentlew. I thanke your good Lordſhip hartilie; though I cannot heare well, I know it grieves you; and heere we have beene delai'd, and ſent downe againe, and fetched up againe, and ſent downe againe, to my great charge: And now at laſt they have fetched me up, and five of my daughters——

Gond. Enough to damne five worlds.

Gentlew. Handſome young women, though I ſay it, they are all without, if it pleaſe your Lordſhip, Ile call them in.

Gond. Five women! how many of my ſences ſhould I have left me then? call in five Devils firſt.

No, I will rather walke with thee alone,
And heare thy tedious tale of injurie,
And give thee anſwers; whiſper in thine eare,
And make thee underſtand; through thy French-hood:
And all this with tame patience.

Gentlew. I ſee your Lordſhip does believe, that they are without, and I perceive you are much mov'd at our injurie: her's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away.

Gentlew. It may be you had rather here me tell it *viva voce*, as they ſay.

Gond. O no, no, no, no, I have heard it before.

Gentlew.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injurie, for a poore Gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never, but that it troubles my conscience, to wish any good to these women; I could afford them to be valiant, and able, that it might not be no disgrace for a Souldier to beat them.

Gentlew. I hope your Lordship will deliver my petition to his grace, and you may tell him withall———

Gond. What? I will deliver any thing against my selfe, to be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday, about three a clocke, in the afternoone, I met my adversarie.

Gond. Give me thy paper, he can abide no long tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short my Lord, and I demanding of him——

Gond. Ile tell him that shall serve thy turne.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Ile tell him that shall serve thy turne, begone: man never doth remember how great his offences are, till he doe meet with one of you, that plagues him for them: why should women above all other creatures that were created for the benefit of man, have the use of speech? or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly appetites, be disgracefull to their owners? nay, why should not an act done by any beast I keepe, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. Here's some few Angels for your Lordship.

Gond Againe? yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.

Gond. Keep off.

Gentlew. A small gratuitiefor your kindnesse.

Gond. Hold away.

Gentlew. Why then I thanke your Lordship, Ile gather them up againe, and ile bee sworne, it is the first money, that was refus'd since I came to the court.

Gond. What can she devise to say more?

Gentlew. Truely I would have willingly parted with them to your Lordship.

Gond. I believe it, I beleeve it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus---

Gond. More yet.

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer.

Gond. Doe, begone, and thou shalt expect, and have any thing, thou shalt have thy answer from him; and he were best to give thee a good one at first, for thy deaf importunitie, will conquer him too, in the end.

Gent. God blesse your Lordship, and all that favour poore distressed country gentlewoman.

Exit Gentlewoman.

Gond. All the diseases of man, light upon them that doe, and upon me when I doe. A weeke of such daies, would either make me starke mad, or tame mee: yonder other woman that I have sure enough, shall answer for thy sinnes: dare they incense me still, I will make them feare as much to be ignorant of me and my moodes, as men are to be ignorant of the law they live under. Who's there? My blood grew cold, I began to feare my Suters returne; tis the Duke.

Enter the Duke and the Count.

Count. I know her chaste, though she be young and free,
And is not of that forc'd behaviour
That many others are, and that this Lord,
Out of the boundlesse malice to the sexe,
Hath throwne this scandall on her.

Gond Fortune, befriended me against my will, with this good old country gentlewoman; I beseech your grace, to view favourably the petition of a wronged gentlewoman.

Duke. What *Gondarino*, are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My Lord, they are no enemies of mine, I confesse the better to recover my deeds, which sometimes were loose enough, I pretended it, as it is wisedome, to keepe close our incontinuence, but since you have discovered me, I will no more put on that vizar, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you, as to my Confessor.

Duke. What say you to this?
Count. He that confesses, he did once dissemble,
Ile never trust his words: can you imagine
A maide, whose beauty could not suffer her
To live thus long untempted, by the noblest,
Richest, and cunningst masters in that Arte
And yet hath ever held a faire repute;
Could in one morning, and by him be brought,
To forget all her vertue, and turne whore?
Gond. I would I had some other talke in hand,
Then to accuse a sister to her brother?
Nor doe I meane it for a publick scandall,
Vnlesse by urging me, you make it so.
Duke. I will read this at better leisure:
Gondarino, where is the Lady?
Count. At his house.
Gond. No, shee is departed thence.
Count. Wither?
Gond. Vrge it not thus, or let me be excus'd,
If what I speake betray her chastitie,
And both increase my sorrow, and your own?
Count. Feare me not so, if she deserve the fame
Which shee hath gotten, I would have it publisht,
Brand her my selfe, and whip her through the cittie:
I wish those of my blood that doe offend,
Should be more strictly punisht, than my foes.
Let it be proved.
Duke. Gondarino, Thou shalt prove it, or suffer worse then she should doe.
Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults
Of one, I love more deerely than my selfe,
Since opening hers, I shall betray mine owne:
But I will bring you, where shee now intends
Not to be vertuous: pride and wantonnesse,
That are true friends indeed, though not in shew,
Have entred on her heart, there shee doth bath,
And sleeke her haire, and practise cunning lookes,
To entertaine me with; and hath her thoughts
As full of lust, as ever you did thinke
Them full of modestie.
Duk. Gondarino, lead on, wee'l follow thee.

Exeunt.

Actvs IIII. Scena. II.

Enter Pandar.

Pan. Here hope I to meet my citizen, and hopes he to meete his scholler; I am sure I am grave enough, to his eyes, and knave enough to deceive him: I am believed to conjure, raise stormes, and divels, by whose power I can doe wonders; let him beleeve so still, beliefe hurts no man: I have an honest black cloake, for my knavery, and a Generall pardon for his foolerie, from this present day, till the day of his Breaking. Ist not a miserie, and the greatest of our age, to see a handsome, young, faire enough, and well mounted wench, humble her selfe, in an old stammell petticoate, standing possest of no more fringe than the street can allow her: her upper parts so poore and wanting, that yee may see her bones through her bodies: shooes she would have, if our captaine were come over, and is content the while to devote her selfe to ancient slippers. These premisses well considered, gentlemen will move, they make me melt I promise yee, they stirre me much; and were't not for my smooth, soft, silken Citizen, I would quit this transitorie trade, get me and everlasting robe, seare up my conscience, and turne Serjeant. But here a comes, is mine as good as prize: Sir *Pandarus* be my speed, ye are most fitly met sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. And you as well encountred, what of this heire? hath your bookes been propitious?

Pan.

Pan. Sir, 'tis done, shee's come, shee is in my house, make your selfe apt for Courtship, stroke up your stockings, loose not an inch of your leggs goodnesse; I am sure yee weare socks,

Mer. There your bookes faile ye Sir, in truth I weare no socks.

Pand. I would you had Sir, it were the sweeter grace for your legges; get on your gloves, are they perfum'd?

Mer. A pretty wash ile assure you.

Pand. 'Twill serve: your offers must be full of bounty, velvets to furnish a gowne, silkes for petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining; forget not some pretty jewell to fasten, after some little complement? if shee deny this courtesie, double your bounties, bee not wanting in abundance, sulnesse of gifts, linckt with a pleasing tongue, will winne an Anchorite. Sir, yee are my friend, and friend to all that professes good letters; I must not use this office else, it fits not for a Schollar, and a Gentleman: those stockings are of *Naples*, they are silke.

Mer. Ye are againe beside your text; sir they are of the best of wooll, and they clyped Jersey.

Pan Sure they are very deare.

Mer, Nine shillings, by my love to learning.

Pan. Pardon my judgement, wee schollars use no other objects, but our bookes.

Merc. There is one thing intomb'd in that grave breast, that makes me equally admire it with your schollership.

Pand. Sir, but that in modesty I am bound not to affect mine owne commendation, I would enquire it of you?

Merc. Sure you are very honest, and yet yee have a kind of modest feare to shew it: doe not deny it, that face of yours is a worthy learned modest face.

Pand. Sir, I can blush.

Merc. Vertue and grace are alwayes pair'd together: but I will leave to stirre your bloud Sir, and now to our businesse.

Pand. Forget not my instructions.

Merc. I apprehend ye Sir, I will gather my selfe together with my best phraises, and so I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pand. This was well worded Sir, and like a Schollar.

Merc. The Muses favour mee as my intents are vertuous; Sir ye shall be my Tutor, tis never too late Sir to love learning; when I can once speake true latine——

Pand. What doe you intend Sir?

Mer. Marry I will then begger all your Bawdy writers, and undertake at the perill of my owne invention, all Pageants, Poesies, for Chimnies, Speeches for the Dukes entertainment, whensoever and whatsoever; nay I will build at mine owne charge an Hospitall, to which shall retire all diseased opinions, all broken Poets, all Prose-men that are fallen from small sence, to meere Letters; and it shall bee lawfull for a Lawyer, if he be a civill man, though a have undone others and himselfe by the language, to retire to this poore life, and learne to be honest.

Pand. Sir ye are very good, and very charitable: ye are a true patterne for the Citie Sir.

Merc. Sir, I doe know sufficiently their shop-bookes cannot save them, there is a further end---

Pand. Oh Sir! much may bee done by manuscript.

Merc. I doe confesse it Sir, provided still they bee Canonicall, and I have some worthy hands set to um for probation: but we forget our selves.

Pand. Sir enter when you please, and all good language tip your tongue.

Merc, All that love learning pray for my good successe.

Exit Mercer.

Actus IIII. Scena III.

Enter Lazarello and his Boy.

Laz. Whereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir by all tokens this is the house, bawdy I am sure because of the broken windowes, the fish head is within, if ye dare venture, here you may surprize it.

Laza. The misery of man may fitly bee compared to a Didapper, who when shee

is under water past our sight, and indeed can seeme no more to us, rises againe, shakes but her selfe, and is the same shee was so is it still with transitory man, this day: oh but an houre since, and I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mightie in blessed meanes, and was so truly happy, that I durst a said, live *Lazarello*, and bee satisfied: but now--

Boy. S r ye are yet aflote, and may recover, bee not your owne wracke, here lies the harbour, goe in and ride at ease.

Laza. Boy I am received to bee a Gentleman, a Courtier, and a man of Action, modest, and wise, and bee it spoken with thy reverence Child, abounding vertuous; and would'st thou have a man of these choise habits, covet the cover of a bawdy house? yet if I goe not in, I am but--

Boy. B t what Sir?

Laza. Dust boy, but dust, and my soule unsatisfied shall haunt the keepers of my blessed Saint, and I will appeare.

Boy. An asse to all men; Sir these are no meanes to stay your appetite, you must resolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the house subject to Martiall Law--

Boy. If that bee all, Sir ye may enter, for ye can know nothing here that the Court is ignorant of, only the more eyes shall looke upon you, for there they winke one at anothers faults.

Laz. If I doe not,

Boy. Then ye must beat fairly back, againe fall to your physicall messe of porridge, and the twice sackt carcase of a Capon, Fortune may favour you so much, to send the bread to it: but 'its a meere venture, and money may be put out upon it.

Laz. I will goe in and live; pretend some love to the Gentlewoman, screw my self in affection, and so be satisfied.

Pan. This flie is caught, is masht already, I will suck him, and lay him by.

Boy. Muffle your selfe in your cloake by any meanes, 'tis a received thing among gallants to walke to their leachery, as though they had the rheume, 'twas well you brought

Laz. Why Boy?

Boy. Faith Sir tis the fashion of our Gentry, to have their horses wait at doore like men, while the beasts their masters, are within at rack and manger, 'twould have discovered much.

Laz. I will lay by these habits, formes, and grave respects of what I am, and be my selfe; only my appetite, my fire, my soule, my being, my deare appetite shall goe along with me, ar'md with whose strength, I feareles will attempt the greatest danger dare oppose my furie: I am resolv'd where ever that thou art, most sacred dish, hid from unhallowed eyes, to find thee out.

Bee'st thou in Hell, rap't by *Proserpina*,
To be a Rivall in black *Pluto's* love;
Or movest thou in the heavens, a forme divine:
Or if thou beest return'd to thy first being,
Thy mother Sea, then will I seeke thee forth,
Earth, Ayre, nor Fire,
Nor the black shades below shal bar my sight
So daring is my powerfull appetite.

Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take a shorter cut, you have forgot your selfe, the fish head's here, your owne imaginations have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous furie good my boy.

Boy. Faith Sir terme it what you will, you must use other termes before you can get it.

Laz. The looks of my sweet love are faire,
Fresh and feeding as the Aire.

Boy Sir you forget your selfe.

Laz. Was never seene so rare a head,
Of any Fish alive or dead. (Sir.

Boy. Good Sir remember: this is the house

Laz. Curs'd be he that dare not venter.

Boy. Pity your selfe sir, and leave this fury

Laz For such a prize, and so I enter.

Exit Lazarello, and Boy.

Pan. Dun's ith' myre, get out againe how hee can; (more
My honest gallant, ile shew you one trick
Than ere the fool your father dreamd of yet.
Madona Iulia?

Enter Madona Iulia, a whore.

Iulia. What newes my sweet rogue, my deere sinnes-broaker, what good newes?

Pan. There is a kinde of ignorant thing, much like a Courtier, now gone in.

Iul. Is a gallant?

Pan. A ſhines not very glorioufly, nor does a weare one ſkinne perfum'd to keepe the other ſweet; his coate is not in Or, nor does the world runne yet on wheeles with him; h'is rich enough, and has a ſmall thing followes him, like to a boate tyed to a tall ſhips taile: give him entertainement, be light and flaſhing like a Meteor, hug him about the neck, give him a kiſſe, and liſping crie, good Sir; and h'is thine owne, as faſt as a were tyed to thine armes, by Indenture.

Iul. I dare doe more than this, if a be a the true Court cut; ile take him out a leſſon worth the learning: but we are but their Apes; whats he worth?

Pan. Be he rich, or poore, if he will take thee with him, thon maiſt uſe thy trade from Conſtables, and Marſhals: who hath bin here ſince I went out?

Iul. There is a gentlewoman ſent hither by a Lord, ſhee's a peece of dainty ſtuffe my rogue, ſmooth and ſoft, as new Satten; ſhe was never gumb'd yet boy, nor fretted.

Pan. Where lies ſhee?

Iul. She lies above, towards the ſtreet, not to be ſpoke with, but by my Lord that ſent her, or ſome from him, we have in charge from his ſervants. *Enter Laz.*

Pan. Peace, a comes out againe upon diſcovery; up with all your canvas, hale him in; and when thou haſt done, clap him aboard bravely, my valiant Pinnace.

Iul. Begone, I ſhall doe reaſon with him.

Laz. Are you the ſpeciall beautie of this houſe?

Iul. Sir you have given it a more ſpeciall regard by your good language, then theſe blacke browes can merit,

Laz. Lady you are faire.

Iul. Faire ſir: I thanke yee? all the poore meanes I have left to be thought gratefull, is but a kiſſe, and ye ſhall have it Sir.

Laz. Ye have a very moving lip.

Iul. Proove it againe Sir, it may be your ſence was ſet too high, and ſo over wrought it ſelfe.

Laz. 'Tis ſtill the ſame: how farre may ye hold the time to be ſpent Lady?

Iul. Foure a clocke ſir.

Laz. I have not eate to day.

Iul. You will have the better ſtomacke to your ſupper; in the meane time, Ile feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not ſo good upon an emptie ſtomacke: if it might be without the trouble of your houſe, I would eate?

Iul. Sir, we can have a Capon ready.

Laz. The day?

Iul. 'Tis Friday Sir.

Laz. I do eat little fleſh upon theſe dayes.

Iul. Come ſweet, ye ſhall not thinke on meat; Ile drowne it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feele it worke more ſtrangely, I muſt eate.

Iul. 'I is now too late to ſend; I ſay ye ſhall not thinke on meat: if ye doe, by this kiſſe Ile be angry.

Laza. I could be farre more ſprightfull, had I eaten and more laſting.

Iul. What will you have Sir? name but the fiſh, my maid ſhall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Me thinks your houſe ſhould not be ſo unfurniſht, as not to have ſome pretty modicum? per?

Iul. It is ſo now: but cou'd ye ſtay till ſup-

Laz. Sure I have offended highly and much, & my inflictions maks it manifeſt, I wil retire henceforth, and keep my chamber, live privately, and dye forgotten.

Iul. Sir, I muſt crave your pardon, I had forgot my ſelfe; I have a diſh of meat within, and it is fiſh, I think this Dukedome holds not a daintier: 'tis an *Vmbranoes* head.

Laz. Lady, this kiſſe is yours, and this.

Iul. Hoe? within there? cover the board, and ſet the fiſh head on it.

Laz. Now am I ſo truely happy, ſo much above all fate and fortune, that I ſhould deſpiſe that man, durſt ſay, Remember *Lazarello*, thou art mortall.

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2. *Int.* This is the villaine, lay hold on him.

Laz. Gentlemen, why am I thus intreated? what is the nature of my crime?

2. *Int.* Sir, though you have carryed it a great while privately, & (as you thinke) well; yet we have ſeen you Sir, and we doe know thee *Lazarello*, for a traitor.

Laz. The Gods defend our Duke.

2. *Int.* Amen, Sir, Sir, this cannot ſave that ſtiffe necke from the halter.

Iu-

Iul. Gentlemen, I am glad you have discover'd him, a should not have eaten under my roofe for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him, when a cal'd for Fish.

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have that little favour--

1 *Int.* Sir ye shall have Law, and nothing els.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of a bit or two, for I protest I am yet fasting.

Iul. Ile have no traytor come within my house.

Laz. Now could I wish my selfe, I had been Traytor, I haue strength enough for to endure it, had I but patience: Man thou art but grasse, thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.

Then lead along, J am prepar'd for all,
Since J have lost my hopes, welcome my fall.

2 *Int.* Away sir.

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two houres, J doubt not but J shall be discharged: by this light J will marry thee.

Iul. You shall marry me first then.

Laz. I doe contract my selfe unto thee now, before these Gentlemen.

Iul. Ile preserve it till you be hang'd or (quitted.

Laz. Thankes, thankes

2 *Int.* Away, away, you shall thanke her at the gallowes.

Laz. Adiew, adiew.

Exeunt Lazar. 2 Intell and guard.

Iul. If he live, ile have him; if he be hang'd, there's no losse in it. *Exit*

Enter Oriana and her waiting woman: looking out at a window.

Orian. Hast thou provided one to beare my letter to my brother.

Wait. I have enquir'd, but they of the house will suffer no letter nor message to bee carried from you, but such as the Lord *Gondarino* shall be acquainted with: Truly Madam, I suspect the house to be no better than it should be.

Orian. What dost thou doubt?

Wait. Faith I am loath to tell it Madam.

Orian. Out with it, 'tis not true modesty to feare to speake that thou dost thinke.

Wait. I thinke it to be one of these Bawdy houses.

Orian. 'Tis no matter wench, we are warm in it, keep thou thy mind pure, and upon my word, that name will doe thee no hurt: I cannot force my selfe yet to feare any thing; when *I* doe get out, Ile another encounter with my Woman-Hater. Here will I sit, I may get sight of some of my friends, it must needs bee a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Count, Arrigo

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguiz'd? for this house where shee attends mee, is not to be visited in our owne shapes.

Duk. We are not our selves.

Arri. I know the house to be sinfull enough, yet I have been heretofore, and durst now, but for discovering of you, appear here in my owne likenes.

Duk. Where's *Lucio*?

Arri. My Lord, hee said the affaires of the Common-wealth would not suffer him to attend alwayes.

Duk. Some great ones questionlesse that he will handle.

Count. Come, let us enter.

Gond. See how Fortune strives to revenge my quarrell upon these women, shee's in the window, were it not to undoe her, I should not looke upon her.

Duk. Lead us *Gondarino*.

Gond. Stay; since you force me to display my shame,
Looke there, and you my Lord, know you that face?

Duk. Is't shee?

Count. It is. (was

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest vertue ever
Dissimulation, shee that still hath strove
More to sin cunningly, than to avoid it:
Shee that hath ever sought to be accounted
Most vertuous, when shee did deserve most scandall:
Tis shee that itches now, and in the height
Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eys
Expects my comming to allay her lust:
Leave her, forget shee's thy sister.

Count. Stay, stay.

Duk. I am as full of this as thou canst be,
The memory of this will easily
Hereafter stay my loose & wandring thought
From any woman.

Count. This will not down with me, I dare not trust this fellow.

Du. Leave her here, that onely shall be her punishment, never to be fetcht from hence; but let her use her trade to get her living.

Count. Stay, good my Lord, I doe beleeve all this, as great men as I have had knowne whores to their sisters and have laught at it, I would faine heare how she talkes, since shee grew thus light: will your grace make him shew himselfe to her, as if he were now come to satisfie her longing! whilest we unseene of her, over heare her wantonnes, let's make our best of it now we shall have good mirth.

Duke. Do it *Gondarino.*

Gon. I must; fortune assists me but this once

Count. Here we shall stand unseene, and

Gond. Madam, *Oriana.* (neere enough.

Oria. Whose that? O! my Lord?

Gond. Shall I come up?

Oria. O you are merry, shall I come down?

Gond. It is better there.

Oria. What is the confession of the lye you made to the Duke, which I scarce beleeve yet you had impudence enough to do? did not gaine you so much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your Lo. bestowing till you had recovered my credit, and confest your selfe a lyar, as you pretended to doe? I confesse I began to feare you, and desir'd to be out of your house, but your owne followers forc'd me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well suspected, dissemble still, for there are some may heare us.

Oria. More trickes yet, my Lord? what house this is I know not, I only know my self. it were agreat conquest if you could fasten a scandale upon me: 'faith my Lord, give me leave to write to my brother?

Duk. Come downe.

Count. Come downe. (doore.

Arr. If it please your grace ther's a backe

Count. Come meet us there then?

Duk. It seemes you are acquainted with

Arr. I have bin in it. (the house.

Gond. She saw you and dissembled.

Duk. Sir, we shall know that better, (not

Gond. Bring me unto her, if I prove her To be a strumpet, let me be contemn'd Of all her sex. *Exeunt.* *Finis Act.* 4.

Actvs V. Scena I.

Enter Lucio.

We that do meane to practise in the State,
Must pick our times and set our faces in,
And nod our heads, as it may prove most fit
For the maine good of the deare Common-wealth:
Whose within there? *Enter a Servant*

Ser. My Lord?

Luc. Secretary, fetch the gowne I use to read petitions in, and the standish I answer French Letters with: and call in the gentleman that attends: *Exit Serv.*
Little know they that doe not deale in State,
How many things there are to be observ'd,
Which seeme but little; yet by one of us
(Whose braines doe winde about the Common wealth)
Neglected, cracks our credits untterly.

Enter Gentleman and a serv.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your secrecie I would not have appear'd to you thus ignorantly attir'd without a tooth-pinke in a ribban, or a ring in my bandstrings.

Gent. Your Lordship sent for me?

Luc. I did: Sir your long practice in the state under a great man hath led you to much experience.

Gent. My Lord.

Luc. Suffer not your modesty to excuse it in short & inprivate I desire your direction, I take my study already to be furnisht after a grave and wise methode.

Gent. What will this Lord do?

Luc. My book-strings are sutable and of a reaching colour.

Gent. How's this?

Luc. My Standish of Wood strange and sweete, and my fore flap hangs in the right place, and as neare *Machiavels*, as can be gathered by tradition.

Gent. Are there such men as will say nothing abroad, and play the fooles in their lodgings? this Lord must be followed: and hath your Lordship some new made words to scatter in your speeches in publicke, to gaine note, that the hearers may carry them away, and dispute of them at dinner?

Luc. I have sir: and besides my severall gownes and caps agreeable to my severall occasions.

Gent. 'Tis well, and you have learn'd to write a bad hand, that the Readers may

Luc. Yes sir: and I give out I have the palsie

Gent. Good, 'twere better though, if you had it, your Lo. hath a Secretary, that can write faire, when you purpose to be understood.

Luc. Faith sir I have one, there he stands, he hath bin my secretary this seven yeares, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, it is not a misse, so he keep his owne counsell: your Lo. hath no hope of the gout?

Luc. Vh, little sir, since the paine in my right foote left me.

Gen. 'Twill be some scandale to your wisdome, though I see your Lo. knowes enough in publike businesse.

Luc. I am not imploy'de (though to my desert) in occasions forraigne, nor frequented for matters domesticall.

Gent. Not frequented? what course takes your Lordship?

Luc. The readiest way, my doore stands winde, my Secretary knowes I am not denyed to any.

Gent. In this (give me leave) your Lordship is out of the way, make a back doore to let out Intelligencers; seeme to be ever busie, and put your doore under keepers, and you shall have a troope of clients sweating to come at you.

Luc. I have a back-dore already, I will henceforth be busie, secretary run and keep the doore. *Exit Secretary.*

Gent. This will fetch am?

Luc. I hope so. *Enter Secretary.*

Secr. My Lord, there are some require accesse to you about weightie affaires of state.

Luci. Already?

Gent. I told you so.

Luci. How waightie is the businesse?

Secr. Treason my Lord. (great

Luci. Sir, my debts to you for this are

Gent. I will leave your Lordship now.

Luci. Sir my death must be sudaine, if I requite you not at the backe doore good Sir.

Gent. I will be your Lordships intelligencer for once.

Exit Gentleman, Enter Secretary

Secr. My Lord.

Luci. Let'am in, and say I am at my studie. *Enter Lazarello, and some Intelligencers. Lucio being at his study.*

1. *In.* Where is your Lord?

Secr. At his studie, but he will have you brought in.

Laza. Why Gentlemen, what will you charge me withall?

2. *Int.* Treason, horrible treason, I hope to have the leading of thee to prison, and pricke thee on'ith arse with a halbert: to have him hang'd that salutes thee, and call all those in question that spit not upon thee.

Laza. My thred is spunne, yet might I but call for this dish of meat at the gallows, in stead of a psalme, it were to be indur'd: the Curtaine opens, now my end drawes on.

Secretary drawes the curtaine.

Luci. Gentlemen I am not empty of waightie occasions at this time; I pray you your businesse.

1. *Int.* My Lord, I thinke we have discover'd one of the most bloodie Traitors, that ever the world held.

Luci. Signior Lazarillo, I am glad ye are one of this discovery, give me your hand.

2. *Int.* My Lord that is the Traitor.

Luci. Keepe him off, I would not for my whole estate have toucht him.

Laz. My Lord.

Luci. Peace Sir, I know the devil is at your tongues end, to furnish you with speeches: what are the particulars? you charge him with. *They deliver a paper to Lucio, who reads both In.* We conferr'd our notes, and have extracted that, which we will justifie upon our oathes.

Lucio. That he would be greater than the Duke, that he had cast plots for this, & meant to corrupt some to betray him, that he would burne the Cittie, kill the Duke, and poyson the privie Councell; and lastly kill himselfe. Though thou deserv'st justly to be hang'd, with silence yet I allow thee to speake, be short. (succeed,

Laza. My Lord, so may my greatest wish so may I live, and compasse what I seeke,
As I had never treason in my thoughts,
Nor ever did conspire the overthrow
Of any creatures but of brutish beasts,
Fowls, Fishes, and such other humane food,
As is provided for the good of man.
If stealing Custards, Tarts, and Florentines

By ſome late Statute be created treaſon;
How many Fellow-Courtiers can J bring,
Whoſe long attendance and experience,
Hath made them deeper in the plot than J.

Luci. Peace, ſuch hath ever been the clemency of my gracious Maſter the Duke, in all his Proceedings, that J had thought, and thought J had thought rightly; that malice would long ere this have hid her ſelfe in her den, and have turn'd her owne ſting againſt her owne heart: but J well perceive, that ſo froward is the diſpoſition of a depraved nature, that it doth not onely ſeek revenge, where it hath received injurie; but many times thirſt after their deſtruction, where it hath met with benefits.

Laz. But my good Lord---

2 *Ini.* Let's gagge him.

Luci. Peace againe, but many times thirſt after deſtruction, where it hath met with benefits; there I left: Such, and no better are the buſines that we have now in hand.

1 *Int.* Hee's excellently ſpoken.

2 *Int.* Hee'l wind a Traitor I warrant him.

Luc. But ſurely me thinkes, ſetting aſide the touch of conſcience, and all inward convulſions.

2 *In.* Hee'l be hang'd, I know by that word.

Laza. Your Lordſhip may conſider---

Luci. Hold thy peace: thou canſt not anſwer this ſpeech: no Traitor can anſwer it: but becauſe you cannot anſwer this ſpeech, I take it you have confeſſed the Treaſon.

1 *In.* The Count *Valore* was the firſt that diſcovered him, and can witneſſe it; but he left the matter to your Lor_ſhips grave conſideration.

Luc. I thanke his Lordſhip, carry him away ſpeedily to the Duke.

Laza. Now *Lazarillo* thou art tumbl'd down
The hill of fortune, with a violent arme;
All plagues that can bee, famine, and the ſword
Will light upon thee, black deſpaire will (boyle
In thy deſpairing breaſt, no comfort by,
Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh.

Luci. Away with him, Ile follow you, looke you pinion him, and take his money from him, leſt he ſwallow a ſhilling and kill himſelfe.

Actvs 5. Scena 3.

Enter the Duke, the Count, Gondarino, and Arrigo.

Duke. Now *Gondarino*, what can you put
That may againe deceive us, (on now
Have ye more ſtrange illuſions, yet more miſts,
Through which the weake eye may bee led to error:
What can ye ſay that may doe ſatisfaction
Both for her wronged honour, and your ill?

Gond. All I can ſay or may is ſaid already:
She is unchaſt, or elſe I have no knowledge,
I doe not breath, nor have the uſe of ſence.

Duk. Dare ye be yet ſo wilfull, ignorant of your owne nakedneſſe? did not your ſervants
In mine owne hearing confeſſe
They brought her to that houſe wee found her in,
Almoſt by force: and with a great diſtruſt
Of ſome enſuing hazard?

Count. Hee that hath begun ſo worthily,
It fits not with his reſolution
To leave off thus: my Lord I know theſe are but idle proofes.
What ſayes your Lordſhip to them?

Gond, Counr, I dare yet pronounce againe, thy Siſter is not honeſt.

Count. You are your ſelfe my Lord, I like your ſetledneſſe.

Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienced in the dark hidden wayes of women: Thou dar'ſt affirme with confidence a Lady of fifteene may be a maid.

Count. Sir, if it were not ſo, I have a ſiſter would ſet neere my heart.

Gond. Let her ſit neere her ſhame, it better fits her: call back the bloud that made our ſtreame in neereneſſe, and turne the Current to a better uſe; 'tis too much mudded, I doe grieve to know it.

Duk. Dar'ſt thou make up againe, dar'ſt thou turn face, knowing we know thee, haſt thou not been diſcovered openly? did not our ears heare her deny thy courtings? did we not ſee her bluſh with modeſt anger, to bee ſo overtaken by a trick; can ye deny this Lord?

Gond. Had not your Grace, and her kind

brother,
Been within levell of her eye, (her,
You should have had a hotter volley from
More full of bloud and fire, ready to leape
the window where she stood,
Soe truly sensuall is her appetite.

Duk. Sir, sir, these are but words and tricks, give me the proofe.

Count. What need a better proofe than your Lordship, I am sure ye have laine with her my Lord.

Gond. I have confest it Sir.

Duk. I dare not give thee credit without witnesse.

Gond. Doe's your Grace thinke we carry seconds with us, to search us, and see fair play: your Grace hath beene ill tutor'd in the businesse; but if you hope to try her truly, and satisfie your selfe what frailtie is, give her the Test: do not remember Count she is your sister; nor let my Lord the Duke beleeve shee is faire; but put her to it without hope or pitie, then ye shall see that golden forme flie off, that all eyes wonder at for pure and fixt, and under it base blushing copper; mettall not worth the meanest honour: you shall behold her then my Lord Transparent, looke through her heart, and view the spirits how they leape, and tell me then, J did belie the Lady.

Duk. It shall be done: come *Gondarino* beare us company,
Wee doe beleeve thee: shee shall die, and
thou shalt see it.

Enter Lazarello, 2 Intelligencers, and Guard.
How now my friends, who have you guarded hither?

2 *In.* So please your Grace wee have discover'd a villaine and a Traytor: the Lord *Lucio* hath examin'd him, and sent him to your Grace for Judgement.

Count. My Lord, J dare absolve him from all sin of Treason: I know his most ambition is but a dish of meat; which he hath hunted with so true a scent, that hee deserveth the Collar, not the halter.

Duke. Why doe they bring him thus bound up? the poore man had more need of some warme meat, to comfort his cold stomack.

Count. Your Grace shall have the cause But these are cal'd informers: men that live by Treason, as Rat-catchers doe by poison.

Duk. Would there were no heavier prodigies hung over us, than this poore fellow, J durst redeeme all perils ready to powre themselves upon this State, with a cold custard.

Coun Your Grace might doe it without danger to your person.

Laza. My Lord, if ever I intended treason against your person, or the State, unlesse it were by wishing from your Table some dish of meat, which J must needs confesse, was not a subjects part: or coveting by stealth, sups from those noble bottles, that no mouth keeping alleagiance true, should dare to tast: J must confesse, with more than covetous eye, J have beheld those dear conceal'd dishes that have been brought in by cunning equipage, to waite upon your Graces pallate: J doe confesse out of this present heat, J have had Stratagems and Ambuscadoes; but God bee thanked they have never tooke.

Du. Count this businesse is your own; when you have done, repaire to us. *Exit Duke.*

Coun. I will attend your Grace: *Lazarello*, you are at liberty, be your owne man againe; and if yon can be master of your wishes, I wish it it may be so.

Laz. I humbly thanke your Lordship: I must be unmannerly, I have some present businesse, once more I heartily thanke your Lordship. *Exit Lazarillo.*

Count. Now even a word or two to you, and so farewell; you thinke you have deserv'd much of this State by this discovery: y'are a slavish people, growne subject to the common course of all men. How much unhappy were that noble spirit, could worke by such baser gaines? what misery would not a knowing man put on with willingnes, ere he see himselfe growne fat and full fed, by fall of those you rise by? I do discharge ye my attendance; our healthfull state needes no such Leeches to suck out her bloud.

1 *Int.* I doe beseech your Lordship.

2 *Int.* Good my Lord.

Count. Go learne to be more honest, what I see you work your meanes from honest industrie. *Exeunt Informers.*

Till then I wil keep back my promist favors:
Heere comes an other remnant of folly:

Enter Lucio.

I must dispatch him too. Now Lord *Lucio*, what businesse bring you hither?

Lucio. Faith Sir, I am discovering what wil becom of that notable piece of treason, entended by that varlet *Lazarello*; I have sent him to the Duke for judgement.

Count. Sir you have performed the part of a most carefull states-man, and let me say it to your face, Sir of a Father to this state: I would wish you to retire, and in sconce your selfe in studie: for such is your daily labor, & our feare, that our losse of an houre may breed our overthrow.

Lucio. Sir I will be commanded by your judgement, and though I finde it a trouble scant to be waded through, by these weake yeares yet for the dear care of the commonwealth, I will bruise my braines, and confine my selfe to much vexation.

Count. Goe, and mayest thou knock downe Treason like an Oxe. *Lucio.* Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercer, Pandar, Francisina.

Mer. Have I spoke thus much in the honor of learning? learn'd the names of the severall liberall Sciences, before my mariage; and since, have in hast written Epistles congratulary, to the 9. Muses, and is she prov'd a whore and a beggar?

Pan. Tis true, you are not now to be taught, that no man can be learn'd of a suddaine; let not your first project discourage you, what you have lost in this, you may get againe in Alchumie.

Fran. Feare not husband, I hope to make as good a wife, as the best of your neighbours have, and as honest.

Mer. I will goe home; good sir doe not publish this, as long as it runn's amongst our selves; 'tis good honest mirth: you'l come home to supper; I meane to have all her friends and mine as ill as it goes.

Pan. Do wisely sir, and bid your owne friends, your whole wealth will scarce feast all hers, neither is it for your credit, to walke the streets, with a woman so noted, get you home, and provide her cloathes: let her come an houre hence with an hand-basket and shift her selfe, she'l serve to sit at the upper end

Mer. Arte is just, and will make me amends

Pan. No doubt sir.

Mer. The chiefe note of a Scholler you say, is to governe his passions; wherefore I doe take all patiently; in signe of which my deare wife, I do kisse thee: make haste home after me, I shall be in my Studie. *Exit Mer.*

Pan Goe, a vaunt, my new Citie dame, send me what you promised me for consideration; & may'st thou proove a Lady. (for it.

Fran. Thou shalt have it, his silkes shall flye

Enter Lazarello and his boy. Exeunt.

Lazarello. How sweet is a calme after a tempest, what is there now that can stand betwixt mee & felicitie? I have gone through all my crosses constantly; have confounded my enemies, and know where to have my longing satisfied; I have my way before me, there is the doore, and I may freely walke into my delights: knocke Boy.

Iulia. Who's there? *within*

Laz. Madona. my love, not guiltie, not guiltie, open the doore. *Enter Iulia.*

Iulia Art thou come sweet heart?

Laz. Yes to my soft imbraces, and the rest of my overflowing blisses; come let us in and swim in our delights: a short grace as we goe, and so to meat.

Iulia. Nay my deare love, you must beare with me in this; we'le to the Church first.

Laza. Shall I be sure of it then.

Iulia. By my love you shall.

Laz. I am content, for I do now wish to hould off longer, to whet my appetite, and do desire to meet with more troubles, so I might conquer them:

And as a holy lover that hath spent
The tedious night with many a sigh & teares;
Whil'st he pursud his wench: & hath observ'd
The smiles, & frownes, not daring to displease
When at last, hath with his service woone
Her yeelding heart; that she begins to dote
Vpon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his necke, & woes him more
Then ever he desir'd her love before:
Then begins to flatter his desert,
And growing wanton, needes wil cast her off;
Trie her, picke quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
And to increase his pleasing appetite. (light,

Iul. Come Mouse, will you walke?

Laz. I pray then let me be delivered of the

within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortall ?
How I contemne my fellowes in the Court,
With whom I did but yesterday converse,
And in a lower and an humbler key
Did walke & meditate on grosser meates :
There are they still poore rogues, shaking their chops,
And sneaking after cheeses, and doe runne
Headlong in chase of every jacke of Beere
That crosseth them, in hope of some repast,
That it will bring them to; whilst I am here,
The happiest wight, that ever set his tooth
To a deere novelty: approach my love,
Come let's goe to knit the true loves knot, that never can be broken.

Boy. That is to marry a whore. (the gift,

Laz. When that is done, then will we taste
Which Fates have sent my fortuns up to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you I begin to repent, upon a full stomacke ; but I see, 'tis but a forme in destiny, not to be altered.

Enter Arrigo, and Oriana. Exeunt.

Orian. Sir what may be the currant of your businesse, that thus you single out your time and place ?

Arrigo. Madame, the businesse now impos'd upon me, concernes you neerely; I wish some worser man might finish it.

Or. Why are ye chaing'd so ? are ye not well sir ? (so

Arr. Yes madam, I am well, wo'd you were

Oria. Why sir? I feele my selfe in perfect health.

Arr. And yet ye cannot live long, madam.

Oria. Why good *Arrigo* ?

Arr. Why? ye must die.

Ori. I know I must, but yet my fate calls not upon me. *Arr.* It does ; this hand the Duke commands shall give you death.

Orian. Heaven, and the powers divine, guard well the innocent. some good,

Arr. Lady, your prayers may do your soul That sure your body cannot merrit by'vm : You must prepare to die

Orian What's my offence? what have these yeares committed, (State ?
That may be dangerous to the Duke or Have I conspir'd by poyson? have I giv'n up, My honour to some loose unsetl'd blood
That may give action to my plots ? (faults ?

Arr. Ye shall not. (honest ;
Then lady, you must know, you are held un-
The Duke, your brother, and your friends in court, (to me,
With two much griefe condemne ye: though
The fault deserves not to be paid with death

Orian. Who is my accuser ?

Arr. Lord *Gondarino.*

Orian. Arrigo, take these wordes, and bear them to the Duke,
It is the last petition I shall aske thee : (forth
Tel him the child, this present houre brought
To see the world, ha's not a soule more pure, more white, (*darinos*
More virgin then I have Tell him Lord *Gon-*
Plot, I suffer for, and willingly: tell him it had been a greater honour, to have sav'd than kil'd : but I have done : strike I am arm'd for heaven Why stay you? is there any hope?

Arr. I would not strike. (known

Orian. Have you the power to save ? be

Arr. With hazard of my life if it should

Orian. You will not venture that ?

Ar. I will Lady : there is that means yet to escape your death, if you can wisely apprehend.

Orian. Ye dare not be so kind ? (it.

Ar. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserve

Ori. If I should slight my life, I were too blame

Arr. Then Madam, this is the means, or else you die: I love you.

Orian. I shall believe it, if you save my life.

Arr. And you must lie with me.

Orian. I dare not buy my life so.

Arr. Come ye must resolve, say yea or no.

Orian. Then no; nay look not ruggedly upon me,
I am made up too strong to feare such lookes: Come, doe your butchers part : before I would wish life, with the deare losse of honour, I dare find meanes to free my selfe.

Arr. Speake, will ye yeild?

Orian. Villaine, I will not; murderer, do thy worst thy base unnoble thoughts dare prompt thee to ; I am above thee slave.

Arr. Wilt thou not bee drawne to yeild by faire perswasions ?

Orian. No, nor by——

Arr Peace, know your doome then ; your Ladiship must remember, you are not now at home where you dare feast all that come

:ie, which shall be but small: if thou refuse to
reild: hear what I have sworne unto my selfe;
I will enjoy thee though it bee betweene the
parting of thy soule and body; yeild yet and
ive. (the tother.

Orian. Ile guard the one, let Heaven guard

Arr. Are you so resolute then? *Duke from above.* Hold, hold I say. (tragedy?

Orian. What I? yet more terrour to my

Arr. Lady, the scene of bloud is done; ye
re now as free from scandall, as from death.

Enter Duke, Count, and Gondarino.

Duke. Thou woman which wert borne to
teach men vertue, (thoughts,
Faire, sweet, and modest maid forgive my
My trespasse was my love. Seize *Gondarino*,
et him wait our doomes.

Gond. I doe begin a little to love this wo-
nan; I could endure her already twelve
niles off.

Count. Sister, I am glad you have brought
your honour off so fairely, without losse: you
have done a worke above your sex, the Duke
dmires it; give him faire encounter.

Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this
nand, and call it mine?

Orian. I am your Graces handmaid.

Duke. Would ye had fed my selfe: might
it not be so Lady?

Count. Sister, say I, I know you can afford it.

Orian. My Lord, I am your subject, you may
command me, provided still your thoughts be
fair and good. (so,

Du. Here I am yours, and when I cease to bee
Let heaven forget me: thus I make it good.

Orian. My Lord, I am no more mine owne.

Count. So: this bargain was well driven.

Gond. Duke, thou hast sold away thy selfe to
ll perdition; thou art this present houre be-
comming Cuckold: me thinkes I see thy gaule
grate through thy veines, and jealousie seize
hee with her talons: I know that womans
nose must be cut off, she cannot scape it.

Duk. Sir, we have punishment for you.

Orian. I doe beseech your Lordship for the
vrongs this man hath done me, let mee pro-
nounce his punishment.

Du. Lady, I give't to you, he is your owne.

Gond. I doe beseech your Grace, let me bee
panisht with all the speed that may be.

Coun. Stay still, you shall attend her sentence.
highly; yet since it sprung from no peculiar
hate to mee, but from a generall dislike unto
all women, you shall thus suffer for it; *Arrigo*,
call in some Ladies to assist us; will your Grace
make your State?

Gon. My Lord, I doe beseech your Grace for
any punishment saving this woman, let me bee
sent upon discovery of some Island, I doe de-
sire but a small Gondele, with ten Holland
Cheeses, and ile undertake it.

Oria. Sir, ye must be content, will ye sit down?
nay doe it willingly: *Arrigo*, tie his arms close
to the chaire, I dare not trust his patience.

Gond. Mai'st thou be quickly old and paint-
ed; mai'st thou dote upon some sturdy Yeo-
man of the wood-yard, and he be honest; mai'st
thou be bar'd the lawfull lechery of thy Coach
for want of instruments; and last, bee thy
wombe unopen'd.

Du. This fellow hath a pretty gaule. (part,

Cou. My Lord, I hope to see him purg'd ere a

Enter Ladies.

Oria. Your Ladiships are welcome:
I must desire your helpes, though you are no
physicians, to doe a strange cure upon this
Gentleman.

Ladies In what we can assist you Madam, ye
may command us.

Gond Now do I sit like a Conjurer within my
circle, and these the Devils that are rais'd about
me, I will pray that they may have no power
upon mee.

Oria Ladies, fall off in couples, then with a
soft still march with low demeanures, charge
this Gentleman, ile be your leader.

Gond: Let me be quarter'd Duke quickly,
I can endure it: these women long for mans
flesh, let them have it.

Duk. Count, have you ever seene so strange
a passion? what would this fellow do, if a should
find himselfe in bed with a young Ladie?

Count. Faith my Lord, if a cou'd get a knife,
sure a wo'd cut her throat, or else a wo'd doe
as *Hercules* did by *Lycas*, swing out her soule:
h'as the true hate of a woman in him.

Oria. Low with your curseyes Ladies.

Gond. Come not too neere mee, I have a
breath will poison ye, my lungs are rotten,
and my stomack is raw? I am given much to
belching: hold off, as you love sweet aires; La-
dies, by your first nights pleasure, I conjure

men, strong backs, and little legges, as you would have 'em hate your waiting-women.

Oria: Sir, we must court ye till wee have obtain'd some little favour from those gracious eyes, tis but a kisse a peece.

Gond. I pronounce perdition to ye all; ye are a parcell of that damned Crew that fell down with *Lucifer*, and here ye staid on earth to plague poore men; vanish, avaunt, I am fortified against your charmes; heaven grant mee breath and patience.

1 *Lady* Shall we not kisse then?

Gond. No, seare my lips with hot irons first, or stitch them up like a Ferrets: O that this brunt were over!

2 *Lady* Come, come, little rogue, thou art too maidenly by my troth, I think I must box thee till thou bee'st bolder; the more bold, the more welcome: I prethee kisse me, bee not afraid. *Shee sits on his knee.*

Gond: If there be any here, that yet have so much of the foole left in them, as to love their mothers, let them on her; and loath them too.

2 *Lady* What a slovenly little villaine art thou, why dost thou not stroke up thy haire? I thinke thou ne're comb'st it: I must have it lie in better order; so, so, so; let mee see thy hands, are they washt?

Gond: I would they were loose for thy sake.

Duke She tortures him admirably.

Coun: The best that ever was.

2 *Lady* Alas how cold they are poore gols, why dost thee not get thee a musse?

Arr: Madam, here's an old Countrie gentlewoman at the doore, that came nodding up for justice, she was with the Lord *Gondarino* to day, and would now again come to the speech of him, shee saies.

Ori: Let her in, for sports sake let her in.

Gond: Mercie O Duke, I do appeal to thee: plant Canons there, and discharge them against my brest rather: nay first let this shee furie sit still where she do's, and with her nimble fingers stroke my haire, play with my fingers ends, or any thing, untill my panting heart have broke my brest.

Duke You must abide her censure.

The Lady rises from his knee: Enter old gent.

Gond. I see her come, unbutton me, for she will speake.

Gentlew. Where is he Sir?

Gond. Save me, I heare her.

Ar. There he is in state to give you audience

Gentlew. How doe's your Lordship?

Gond. Sick of the Spleene.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Sick.

Gentlew. Will you chew a nutmeg, you shall not refuse it, it is very comfortable.

Gond. Nay, now thou art come, I know it is the Divels Jubilee, hell is broke loose: My Lord, if ever I have done you service, Or have deserv'd a favour of your Grace, Let me be turn'd upon some present Action, Where I may sooner die, than languish thus; Your Grace hath her petition, grant it her, and ease me now at last.

Duke No Sir, you must endure.

Gentlew. For my petition, I hope your Lordship hath remembred me.

Ori. Faith I begin to pitie him, *Arrigo*, take her off, beare her away, say her petition is granted.

Gentlew. Whether doe you draw me Sir? I know it is not my Lords pleasure I should bee thus used before my busines be dispatched?

Arr. You shall know more of that without.

Oria. Vnbind him Ladies, but before he go, this hee shall promise; for the love I beare to our own sex, I would have them still hated by thee, and injoyne thee as a punishment, never heareafter willingly to come in the presence or sight of any woman, nor never to seeke wrongfully the publike disgrace of any.

Gond: Tis that I would have sworne, and do: when I meditate with them, for their good, or their badde; may Time call back this day againe, and when I come in their companies, may I catch the poxe, by their breath, and have no other pleasure for it.

Duke Ye are most mercifull.

Oria. My Lord, I shew'd my sexe the better

Gond. All is over blowne Sister: y'are like to have a faire night of it, and a Prince in your armes: lets goe my Lord.

Duk. Thus through the doubtfull streames of joy and griefe,
True Love doth wade, and finds at last reliefe.

Exeunt Omnes.